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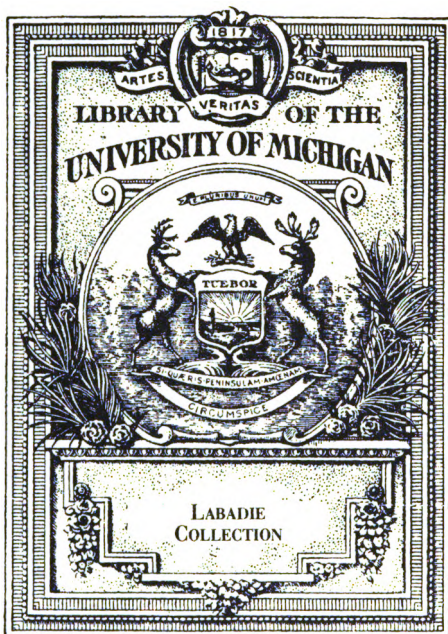
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THE COMING STORM

FRANCIS DEMING HOYT

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THE COMING STORM

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THE COMING STORM

BY
FRANCIS DEMING HOYT
AUTHOR OF "CATHERINE SIDNEY"

*O Pilot! 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep.*

THE PILOT

*Hush! hark! a deep sound
Strikes like a rising knell!*

CHILDE HAROLD
Canto III

NEW YORK
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1913

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I

A Social Evening

MANY old New Yorkers, sauntering up Fifth Avenue during the past few months, have slackened their pace when passing Twenty-sixth Street, and watched the dismantling of the historic old building on the Southwest corner, which for so many years was the home of "Delmonico's Up Town," and subsequently of Martin's Café and Restaurant. "How many festive gatherings I have witnessed, how many delightful evenings I have spent in that hospitable old trysting-place," have been the reminiscent thoughts and frequent remarks of the passers-by. Like scores of other old land marks in Manhattan it has been forced to give way to the construction of a more modern type of building.¹

¹ Since the above was written a lofty office building has been erected on this site, overlooking Madison Square.

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Whether the architectural beauty of New York has been enhanced by the multiplication of these high office buildings — skyscrapers, as they are called — is doubtful; but they have certainly become a characteristic of the Metropolis, and have displaced many familiar old buildings which some of us, for sentimental reasons perhaps, were sorry to part with.

It was there, on the evening of November 14, 1910, that two young friends, George Stuart and Herman Villard, having dined together in the large hall on the Fifth Avenue side, adjourned to the café on the Broadway front and discussed, over their coffee and cigars, a subject in which they were both intensely interested, the Social Problem. They were both college men, and in the classic shades of Harvard had imbibed freely the doctrines of Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. They had often discussed together the theories of Economic Determinism, Value, Surplus Value, Wages, the Capitalistic Exploitation of Labor, the Co-operative Commonwealth, etc., and upon the general principles involved, and the ultimate issue of the main problem, they



were essentially in accord; but regarding the ways and means of reaching results, upon the question of just how the Socialist propaganda should be advanced, and the regeneration of society accomplished, they differed materially.

The phases of Socialism are as varied as the factional groups of a French parliament, and it is sometimes difficult to determine to just what section of the party any one of its members should be accredited. Broadly speaking, however, we may classify the socialists of this country in a threefold division: the Intellectuals, or Theorists — sometimes referred to as the Parlor Socialists — the Conservatives, or party of political action only — Opportunists as they are called; and the Radicals — essentially the party of direct action — including the Industrial Workers of the World (I.W.W.), or Syndicalists, as they are called in Europe, among whose ranks are to be found the Anarchists.

Stuart contended that a vigorous, well-directed campaign of education was demanded before contemplating anything in the way of direct action, or even attempting any organized political movement.

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"My dear Herman, few people in the country have given any serious thought to the subject of Socialism, and still fewer have any intelligent comprehension of all that it means. I agree with you in the belief that the wrongs which afflict the great majority of our people to-day, the injustice of capitalism and the inequality of opportunity, can only be remedied by the establishment of the Co-operative Republic. But I do not think we are yet ready for the revolution. We must utilize every possible means for the propagation of Socialist doctrines — especially the press; and still more the popular little tracts or pamphlets, which I believe are being sent out now by the million to all parts of the country. We should emulate the splendid work of the Fabian Society of England: educate the masses to a correct understanding of the real causes which are responsible for the inequalities, social and economic, which oppress them and the relief which can be obtained by embracing Socialism."

"That sounds very well, George; but what proportion of the masses, do you imagine, will read or listen to your disserta-

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tions on Scientific Socialism, the Materialistic Conception of History, Surplus Value, Capitalistic Exploitation, etc.? I tell you, we must organize everywhere, uphold our own political party, send our own representatives to Congress and to the State Legislatures, support our own papers, and urge the claims of Socialism with 'all the energy and power we can command, in season and out of season. And then I would add, in the words of our distinguished friend from Milwaukee, Victor Berger, 'each of the five hundred thousand Socialist voters should, besides doing much reading, and still more thinking, also have a good rifle and the necessary rounds of ammunition in his home, and be prepared to back up his ballot with his bullets, if necessary.'"

"Well, Herman, you may be right, but I can't quite agree with you, and I am convinced that the somewhat revolutionary remarks of Comrade Berger have done the cause more harm than good. But here comes your friend Eckhart. He won't endorse either of us. We are altogether too conservative, both of us, to meet his ideas."

The man who had risen from a table at

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the farther end of the room and was now approaching them, was Benjamin Eckhart, a young journalist, a writer on the Socialist daily paper of New York, and correspondent of two or three Western papers of the same persuasion. He was a leader in the Syndicalist branch of the party or, as they are better known here, the Industrial Workers of the World — the I.W.W. — whose gospel is war upon capitalism, the destruction of modern society, political, economic, and religious, the general strike, and — revolution.

“Good-evening, Mr. Stuart; how do you do, Mr. Villard?”

“Why Eckhart, I’m glad to see you,” replied Villard; “you’re quite a stranger. Sit down and have a cup of coffee with us.”

“Thank you, gentlemen. I should be glad to do so, but I am booked for a committee meeting to-night, and as it is, I am going to be late in meeting my engagement. Have you noticed that our friend Warren, of Kansas, has worked up the circulation of his paper, *Appeal to Reason*, close on to the quarter million mark? His success is simply phenomenal. And our daily paper, the *New York Call*, which was established only last

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May, is meeting with great success and attracting more readers every day. I hope we shall see both of you gentlemen represented soon on its editorial page."

"Why, Ben, your enthusiasm is inspiring," replied Villard. "Only be sure you're right, and then go ahead. We've got to move cautiously and build up our party by gradual steps."

"Caution be d—d," exclaimed Eckhart somewhat impatiently. "We've dillydallied too long discussing problems of social reform, while actual conditions are getting worse every day. I believe the time has come for action. Gentlemen, the revolution is not far off. Good-night." And with a vigorous flourish of his cane he hastened away.

"I don't know whether such reckless fellows as Eckhart do harm or good to the cause they are trying to serve," remarked Villard as the former disappeared.

"I haven't any doubt at all on the subject," replied Stuart. "Such men rush in where angels fear to tread. But come; as I told you, I have tickets to the opera to-night. They were given me by a friend

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who bought them several days ago, and found himself unable to use them. It's the opening night of the season and no doubt will be a brilliant affair."

"All right, George, I'm agreeable. I confess it tires me to see the vulgar display of snobbishness which is so much in evidence at the opera, but I do enjoy the music. Shall we walk? It's only a few blocks to Thirty-ninth Street, and the night is fine."

"That suits me, Herman. I would rather walk any time than ride when the skies are clear."

II

At the Opera

THE opening night of the opera season in New York always attracts a brilliant and distinguished audience at the Metropolitan, and this year was no exception to the rule. When our friends arrived, the curtain had already risen on the first act, and they remained standing in the rear until its conclusion. This gave them an opportunity of surveying the boxes to the right and left, and noting, under a dim light, the general appearance and character of the occupants, seated, and constantly arriving. When the curtain was run down and the overhead lights turned on, every box was occupied, and the scene was a brilliant one. Stuart and Villard stood for some moments gazing about them, making a mental picture of the *tout-ensemble* as well as of some striking individualities.

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It was not only the opening night, but the first presentation in New York of Gluck's "Armide," which had been anticipated with a good deal of interest, and with some anxiety. Society was out in force as perhaps at no other function of the season.

"Armide" has been called a "masterpiece of the past." It may be that, but it does not enjoy popularity to-day, at least in this country. It possesses little melody and appeals less certainly to lovers of the opera than some of Gluck's earlier works, especially his "Orfeo." However, while to-night's opera in itself was something of a disappointment, the performers acquitted themselves with credit. Toscanini, the leader, received an ovation, and Mlles. Fremstad, Homer, Gluck, and Sparkes, as well as MM. Caruso and Amato, were applauded with genuine enthusiasm.

As our young friends turned and entered the foyer, to enjoy their cigarettes during the entr'acte, Villard, who held Stuart by the arm, exclaimed in an undertone of disgust: "Well, did you ever see such a vulgar display of riches, such unmitigated snobbery! I think it's simply disgusting. One might

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suppose the world was made for these people, and all that is good in it intended for their sole gratification. It makes my blood boil when I think of the poverty and misery of the poor slaves who have toiled and suffered to build up the gigantic fortunes of these selfish degenerates, and I long for the day when Socialist society will relegate these useless members to their proper place in the ranks."

"There is much truth, to be sure, Herman, in what you say. The social inequalities and the economic injustice, which bear so heavily upon the masses, are certainly deplorable, and we must try to correct them by establishing the Socialist Republic. But Rome, you know, wasn't built in a day. We must not be rash in our judgments, or imprudent in our actions. Many of the people here to-night—I believe most of them—are fair-minded. They were born and educated under the pernicious system of capitalism which dominates our modern civilization, and it will require years of patient, earnest, intelligent work to eradicate inherited prejudices and convince them of the truth and beauty of Socialism."

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“George, you will never eradicate those prejudices in the world by preaching and philosophizing. You might as well expect the Ethiopian to change his skin, or the leopard his spots. Nothing but an organized proletariat, with an avalanche of ballots in their hands, and bullets if need be, will bring this lazy, pampered, effete aristocracy to their knees and give the oppressed working men their rights.”

“Rather pronounced and emphatic in your views, Herman. But we shall see. The orchestra has already started; let us find our places.”

They both enjoyed the music of the second act, and for the nonce even Herman seemed to forget the tantalizing presence of the satraps of Mammon. As they rose from their seats at the second intermission and turned towards the entrance, George looked up and recognized in the box directly over the main aisle his friends the Draytons — Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Drayton, their daughters Gertrude and Mildred, and their son Alfred. Excusing himself to Herman as they reached the foyer, he hurried upstairs and made his way to the Drayton box. Alfred met him cordially at the door,

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and George paid his respects gracefully, as he entered, to each of the party.

"Well, Mr. Stuart, what do you think of 'Armide'?" asked Mrs. Drayton.

"Why Mrs. Drayton, I am hardly competent to pass an opinion upon the merits of the opera. We have certainly enjoyed ourselves here to-night — my college chum Villard and myself. But frankly, it seems to me the occasion is rather more of a social than a musical success."

"You are quite right," replied Mrs. Drayton. "That is just the opinion we had all of us formed. The house is brilliant, certainly, a picture in itself; but we are a little disappointed in 'Armide,'" and she turned to her husband for approval.

"Yes, Catherine, I think, as you say, 'Armide' is not quite up to our expectations. Still, there were some fine passages in the part we have just listened to. Don't you think so?"

"Indeed yes, Fred, it's the work of a master certainly; his technique is admirable, and some of the choruses are beautiful. But somehow, the music as a whole does not appeal to my soul as some of the operas do."

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"And you, Miss Gertrude, how are you impressed with the entertainment?" asked George as he turned to the sweet young girl who sat near her mother.

"Why Mr. Stuart, I quite agree with Mother. The scene, both on and off the stage, is brilliant and fascinating; but the effect is somewhat like that which one experiences when strolling through a gallery of marble statuary — your interest is aroused, and you gaze with admiration at the beautiful objects, chiselled out of cold marble, all about you; but when you have seen everything in the hall, you feel quite ready to visit the adjoining gallery, where you find a warmer coloring on canvas, and something which stirs the emotions and causes you to think and to feel."

"Bosh, Gertie," ejaculated the critical Miss Mildred.

"Why Gertrude, you are becoming quite poetic in your description," said her brother. "In which gallery would you locate the ballet dancers?"

Gertrude blushed and began to think that she had made some terrible *faux pas*.

"O Alfred!" interposed his mother, "the

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ballet was atrocious. Don't let us dwell on that feature of the performance."

"I sympathize with you perfectly, Miss Gertrude," said George, "in what your brother calls your poetic description; and when you enter the picture gallery, I should like very much to be with you to share your enthusiasm."

Gertrude smiled with a little air of embarrassment, while Alfred looked at George with a serio-comic expression on his face and said: "It seems to me that 'Armide' has awakened poetic thoughts in the minds of several of this party."

Suggestive sounds from the orchestra brought Stuart to his feet. Expressing his great pleasure at having met his friends, he bade them all good-night and hurried down to rejoin Villard.

Frederick Drayton was a lawyer who had distinguished himself in his profession during an honorable career of forty years, not only in New York, but especially through his large practice in the United States Supreme Court at Washington, where he enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best constitutional lawyers in the country.

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His wife, née Catherine Sidney, was an English lady of singular beauty of character, to whose gentle influence in the family circle was largely due the eminent success of her husband and the high-minded principles which were admired in their children. Alfred, who, like his father, had received his college education at Yale, inherited many of the characteristic traits of Frederick Drayton; and he idolized his mother. He had been admitted to the bar in New York, and was one of the junior partners in his father's office. Gertrude, the elder daughter, was the counterpart of her mother—at least her father thought so. Mr. Drayton often used to say to his wife: "Kitty, Gertrude reminds me of you as you were when I first knew and loved you, a visiting governess at Mrs. Ewing's; and she has a decided touch of my dear sister Agnes' vivacity. I cannot conceive of a more admirable combination of character and womanly loveliness." Mildred, the younger daughter, had just completed her education at Manhattanville, where her sister Gertrude had previously spent four profitable years. In some respects she was

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quite unlike the other members of her family. She possessed a good mind, stood well in her classes, and was generally popular with her young companions. But she had acquired much of that modern spirit, and those "up-to-date" ideas and manners, which are so almost universally prevalent to-day among the youthful generation. And then there was a streak of selfishness in Mildred which was wholly foreign to her elder sister and brother and had given much pain and anxiety to her parents.

The Draytons lived on Madison Avenue. They were devout Catholics and members of St. Stephen's Church on Twenty-eighth Street. Mrs. Drayton was "to the manner born"; but her husband had been in his early years an Episcopalian, and was received into the Church when he was twenty-five years of age by Father Preston of St. Ann's.

The Stuarts were an old Maryland family who prided themselves on the nobility of their ancestry as well as the conservative ideas and customs which distinguished the present generation. After completing his course of studies at Harvard, George came to New York and entered the office of an

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old established law firm, where he was working into a fairly remunerative practice. He met Alfred Drayton one evening at the Yale Club on Forty-fourth Street, soon after his arrival in New York, and they at once became warm friends, although quite different in some points of character, and holding opposite views on some vital questions.

George admired Miss Gertrude Drayton and sought every possible opportunity to be in her society; and while she did not wholly reciprocate his friendly sentiments, she was not altogether indifferent to him or to his attentions. Her parents, however, were averse to any intimacy between Gertrude and George Stuart, chiefly because of his Socialistic principles and his consequent disregard for the teachings of Christianity. They would have been wholly unreconciled to having one of their children married to a non-Catholic, especially to an atheist or agnostic.

Nor was Gertrude likely to give them much anxiety on that score. She was earnest in her faith and in her loyalty to the Church, and realized the danger incurred and the misery so often resulting

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from "mixed marriages." She endeavored, therefore, as far as possible to avoid giving any encouragement to her brother's friend, Stuart, although she could not well help liking him.

The opera closed amid much enthusiasm and applause, and the liberal distribution of floral offerings which generally distinguishes a "first night." George had the pleasure of bowing to his friends as they entered their carriage; and he and Villard made their way on foot to the Harvard Club, where they had apartments.

III

The Conspiracy

ON LEAVING Martin's, Benjamin Eckhart walked hurriedly down Broadway to Fourteenth Street, turned to the left, and proceeded as far as Second Avenue. Near the corner he entered a narrow doorway adjoining a saloon, made his way up the stairs and to the rear of the hall, which was only dimly lighted, and knocked on a door—tap, tap—tap. A small round slide in a panel of the door was presently pushed open, revealing nothing, for it was dark inside, and a voice within whispered: "Who comes there?"

"Comrade," replied Eckhart.

"Comrade, give the countersign."

"REVOLUTION," he replied in an undertone.

The bolt was drawn back, the door opened a few inches, and Eckhart slipped in.

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Securing the lock on the inside, the guard seized the visitor by the arm and led him on a few steps in the dark. Another cabalistic knock and a voice inside called out: "Who comes?"

"Comrades," replied the guard.

"Comrades, what do you desire?"

"LIBERTY," answered Eckhart.

"IT'S A BLOODY PATH!" cried the voice within.

The door was opened, and for a few moments all was darkness. Then the lights were suddenly turned on, and a remarkable scene was revealed. Six men wearing masks were lined up a few feet from the door, each holding a revolver in his hand, pointed towards the entrance. The inside guard looked the new-comer in the face, and turning to the others said: "Comrade Eckhart." Revolvers were lowered and masks were removed.

"Good, fellows, good!" exclaimed Eckhart with a look of approval. "If a cop, or a spy, ever got as far as this threshold, he would die like a dog in his tracks."

A half-concealed smile stole over the face of the inner guard, which was not noticed by the others.

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"But come, sit down now; let's get to business. I am late, I know; but it was unavoidable."

The assemblage to which Eckhart had just been introduced in so mysterious a manner was, to be sure, a Socialist "local," but really something more. To account for their exclusiveness, and to conceal their real purpose, they called themselves "The Progressive Socialist Club," and, on occasions, their less radical Socialist friends were admitted to their rooms. Indeed, meetings there had been addressed by college professors, and even by clericals who rejoiced in the name of "Christian Socialists." But they were really Industrial Workers of the World — the I.W.W. They professed to be the party of direct action; their creed might be summarized in two words, the general strike and revolution; and their methods might be gathered from the inscriptions which decorated their walls. The red flag, emblem of Socialism, hung conspicuously at one end of the room; and beneath, on either side, were engravings of Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. Upon the walls, right and left, were suspended gilt frames con-

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taining maxims and sayings of Socialist leaders, the author's name in each case being inscribed beneath.

One of the objects to which, at this time, the executive committee of the I.W.W. were devoting themselves very earnestly, was inducing members of the Trade Unions to join the Internationals, or Industrial Workers; and two or three of the crafts, or local unions, were assigned to each member of the committee to "work up."

This evening they were to report what progress had been made.

"Joe Levy, I think you are taking care of the Cigar Makers' Union," said Eckhart. "What's the situation there? Does Socialism appeal to them?"

"Mr. Chairman, the cigar makers are all right," replied Levy. "I think we shall corral a good crowd — might be a majority of 'em."

"That's good, Joe; keep at them, and see that they are supplied with literature. Do any of them read the *Call*?"

"Yes, quite a few of them; and I've seen two or three copies of the *Appeal to Reason*, and the *Coming Nation* in their rooms."

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"Joe, get them to take the *International Socialist Review* of Chicago, if you can. It's a red-hot revolutionist and hits capitalism square between the eyes every time.

"Robert Hawkins, have you been able to make any headway with the members of the Typographical Union? I am one of them myself, and I know you have had a hard job on your hands."

"Well, to be perfectly frank, Mr. Eckhart, it is a hard job, and I haven't yet been able to accomplish much in their ranks. The difficulty is, so many of them are Catholics, and those fellows won't listen to any arguments. Somehow, they all seem to have grown very pious, since they can go to Mass at two o'clock in the morning at St. Andrew's Church on Duane Street."

Eckhart's face assumed an expression which was a compound of disgust, anger, and hatred.

"Damn the whole brood!" he exclaimed with a snarl, pounding the table with his fist. "I tell you fellows, the worst enemy we've got to-day is the Catholic Church. She's hounding us Socialists like hell on all

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sides. Her pulpit and her press are arrayed against us; they are fighting us like tigers, and I tell you, it's going to be a battle royal, a death struggle, between Socialism and Catholicism — between modern enlightenment and progress, and ancient superstition. The other Christian churches make a stab at us occasionally, just enough to draw our fire and compel us to argue with them; but they are comparatively harmless. Indeed, quite a few of their ministers have openly come out in our defence, preaching a hybrid religion which they call Christian Socialism. There is about as much affinity between Christianity and Socialism as between fire and water. But so long as these reverend gentlemen defend our economic principles, little as they understand them, we can afford to overlook their innocent inconsistencies. There's no such thing as compromise with Rome. She is smart enough to see what we are after, and is going to fight us, tooth and nail. We might as well make up our minds that in the coming great revolution the strongest enemy we shall have to face is the Roman Catholic Church, and that the coming Socialist Re-

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public will be built on the ruins of that proud old religious tyranny.

"Well, let us go on. Have any of you made any converts to our cause?"

"Yes, I have," replied Terence Farrelly. "I was looking out, as you know, Mr. Eckhart, for the hotel and restaurant employés. They're all right, sir. At least they talk so. They're mostly Greeks and Frenchmen, you know, and Irish and Germans and Italians, with a few Swedes and Hungarians and Poles. They hate the rich, most of them, because they're poor themselves. And I don't blame them, poor devils. Just give them a chance and they'll cut the life out of the aristocracy — every mother's son of them."

"That's right, Terence. Just keep the pot boiling in your bailiwick. Who has the Garment Workers' Union?"

"That's my territory," replied Max Goldberg. "They're thinking a whole lot, those fellows are, and nine tenths of them, I believe, are ready to join the ranks of the I.W.W. when the time comes. They are worked to death and get small pay; and they're always ready for a strike."

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"I think you're right, Max. I believe there's first class timber there to work on.

"What do you know about the railway employés, Walter Nash? They're your clients if I'm not mistaken."

"They're a fine lot of fellows, Mr. Chairman, and some of them would like to join us. But they are devoted to the Union, and Gompers is their prophet. In one of their lodges I saw a type-written copy of part of a letter of Gompers, framed and hung on the wall. I jotted it down in my memorandum book, as I thought it might interest you, unless perhaps you have already seen it. Listen to what he says.

"GOMPERS ON SOCIALISM

"I have studied your philosophy; read your economics, and not the meanest of them; studied your standard works, both in English and German, have not only read them, but studied them. I have heard your orators, and watched the work of your movement the world over. I have kept close watch on your doctrines for thirty years; have been closely associated with many of you, and know how you think and what you propose. I know what you have up your sleeve. And I want to say to you that I am entirely at variance with

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your philosophy. Economically you are unsound, socially you are wrong, industrially you are an impossibility.

“SAMUEL GOMPERS.”

“Gompers is a fool, and a hypocrite as well,” said Eckhart. “He’s looking out for Gompers all the time; and mark my words, he’s coming to grief before he’s much older.

“Who’s looking after the plumbers and gas fitters?”

“I am, Mr. Eckhart,” replied Nick Bradley, “and I’ve put in a good many hard nights’ work on them. A few are inclined to join us, but there are a good many Catholics among them, and as Comrade Hawkins says, they are wedded to their church and turn a deaf ear to all Socialist arguments.”

Eckhart frowned as he replied in a bitter tone of voice: “Slaves! they’ll reach hell sooner than they expect.”

The outer guard, James Morgan, gave a more satisfactory report of his work among the express company employés, who at that time were on a strike. But Tom Connors, the inner guard, who had been assigned to missionary duty among the

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metal workers, had little to offer in the way of conversions accomplished.

"But Mr. Eckhart," he continued, "I ought to tell you that a workman, Patrick McGrath, at the boiler works of Jones & Brewster, was badly hurt to-day. His arm was crushed and he's likely to lose it altogether, if he lives at all. His wife is in delicate health, and she has three young children to look out for, and not a soul to do anything for her. I thought that amongst us we might help them a bit while this trouble is on them."

"That's not our business, Connors," replied Eckhart. "Let his employers take care of the family, the rich men for whom they have been making slaves of themselves. We have troubles of our own."

Connors sat back in a corner of the room, and his face was somewhat shaded from the light, which was fortunate for him; otherwise the comrades about would have noticed the flash of indignation that lit up his eyes, and the look of scorn that curled his lip.

Tom Connors, it should be confidentially mentioned to our readers, was no other than a spy; and a smart one he was. We

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shall learn more of his history and of his character as we go on. He had managed to worm himself into the confidence of the leaders of the I.W.W., and to get himself appointed one of the secret council, or executive committee of the Metropolitan District. He had played his part with skill, and had never for a moment been suspected by his associates, who regarded him as one of their cleverest workers. But his feelings on two or three occasions, like the present one, had nearly got the better of him and caused him to lose his self-control. Now, however, when Eckhart followed up his heartless remark, about the injured man and his helpless family, by something of a confidential nature, Connors drew his chair up to the table and was all eyes and ears to see and hear any developments.

"There is something else," continued Eckhart, "that concerns us more intimately here to-night. The strike of the expressmen and teamsters is not progressing as favorably for the men as we would like to see it. The companies have called in those beastly strike breakers and are employing a lot of

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men. It's up to us to put a stop to this thing—to make it too hot for these d—d scabs to hang around New York; and to teach Platt, and the other trust magnates of expressdom, that they have got to reckon with a powerful and well-organized body of workmen. What shall we do?" He looked around the table to see what effect his words had upon his hearers.

"The strike breakers are making their headquarters in the United States Express Building on West Twenty-third Street," said James Morgan, "and sleep there on the top floor, as I happen to know."

"That's valuable information," replied Eckhart (he was perfectly aware himself of the situation on Twenty-third Street). "How shall we dislodge or exterminate the rats?"

"I'm inclined to think that a few sticks of dynamite, or a well-placed bomb, would put them to sleep about as quickly as anything," said Max Goldberg; and he looked around the table with an air of determination and an expression of face that plainly said: "I know what will fix them all right—believe me."

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"That sounds pretty good," replied Eckhart. "How does the idea strike you all?"

A noise as of something falling in the outer room or hall startled him. He turned a quick glance towards the door and said excitedly: "Who's the outer guard to-night?"

"I am, sir," said Morgan as he started towards the door.

"Lights down — stand ready men!" exclaimed Eckhart; and in a moment they were all in line, guns in hand, before the entrance, as when their leader arrived.

Morgan opened the first door cautiously, slipped through — Connors, the inner guard, bolting it at once — and made his way in the dark to the outer door. As he pushed open the slide in the panel and looked out, he saw what appeared to be a "drunk" leaning up against the wall.

"What do you want, and what are you doing there?" called out Morgan.

"I'm loo — looking for a gla — glass of beer," said the intruder, whose hat was pulled over his eyes.

"You're soaring too high, old man," replied Morgan; "this is the headquarters

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of the Universal Missionary Society. The saloon you're looking for is downstairs."

He slammed the draw and returned to the council chamber, giving the usual tap, tap—tap at the inner door and reporting what he had seen.

"Mr. Eckhart," said Connors, "I don't quite like the looks of that thing. With your permission I'll step out and see whether the 'drunk' is just what he pretends to be."

"All right, Connors, you go out and look him over. Don't let him fool you."

As Connors made his way through the dark antechamber to the outer hall, he took care to see that the doors were closed tight behind him. Going up to the disreputable looking fellow still leaning against the wall, he peered closely into his face and whispered: "All right, Buck; there's nothing doing to-night; I won't need you." He was about to retrace his steps when the strange visitor turned his keen eyes sharply upon him and said: "Listen, Connors; we've just learned there's a plot on foot to blow up the Express Building on Twenty-third Street. Keep your ears open." And he stumbled along

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towards the stairs in a maudlin way and went down with a noisy tread.

Connors smiled as he entered the inner chamber and said in a natural voice: "Poor devil, he's so full he can hardly navigate, but he's still looking for another glass of beer. I gave him a nickel and told him to look out for the cop as he rounded the corner."

There was a hearty laugh all around, small arms were put away, and the comrades resumed their seats.

"Well, comrades, what do you think?" resumed Eckhart. "You have heard the proposition of Max Goldberg. Shall we attack the enemy? War is hell; we might as well recognize that fact. The capitalists have opened the ball. Shall we meet them on their own ground and show them that we will no longer be their slaves? SHALL WE USE THE BOMB?"

All hands went up as he looked around the table, and there was a unanimous shout of "YES, YES!"

"Good, so be it, and the devil take the strike breakers. But there is no time to lose. Hawkins, you are familiar with the

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Twenty-third Street building, and Goldberg is another. Both of you know how to handle a bomb. I appoint you a committee of two to carry out the mandate of the council. When can you be ready?"

After a little quiet conversation with Goldberg, Morgan replied: "Wednesday night of next week."

"What hour?"

"A half hour after midnight."

*"The very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself
breathes out
Contagion to this world.'*

"Strike hard, boys, and keep your wits about you. We'll all be here Wednesday at midnight, to hear the music. Till then we stand adjourned."

IV

Sweet Charity

THE following morning Alfred Drayton, after a brief hour spent at his office down town, returned to Madison Avenue intending to go out with his sister on a shopping expedition. As he entered the house, he saw his younger sister lying on the parlor sofa absorbed in a novel.

"Mildred, where is Gertrude?" he called out.

"Oh, she's off on one of her missionary errands," replied Mildred with a look of impatience and disgust on her face. "Some poor fellow was hurt yesterday at his work, and of course Gertrude, as soon as she heard of it, had to make a bee-line for the house of the victim."

"Who was it? do you know?"

"Some man employed in the boiler works of Jones & Brewster. I think the little boy

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who brought the message said his father's name was Patrick McGrath, and they live somewhere on East Thirtieth Street."

Alfred turned on his heel, ran down the front steps, and hurried over to East Thirtieth Street and First Avenue. As he reached the corner he saw the Drayton carriage in the middle of the block between First and Avenue A. The coachman was walking the horses up and down, evidently waiting for some one.

"Which house is it, Richard?"

"The one just below, Mr. Drayton, where the two women are talking."

Learning from one of the women on which floor the McGraths lived, he made his way up two flights of stairs, through the dark hall, and knocked at one of the rear apartments. The door was opened by a delicate looking young woman, with a babe in her arms, and a little fellow about six years of age clinging to her skirts.

"Oh Mr. Drayton!" she exclaimed, "it's so kind of you to call. Do come in, please."

As he entered, he beheld his sister Gertrude sitting in a kitchen rocker, with a sleeping child in her arms, and various

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articles of children's clothing spread out on the table near her.

"Well, Gertrude Drayton," said Alfred with a look of pleasant surprise, "are you keeping house here, or what are you doing?"

She laughed heartily as she replied: "Why no, Alfred, not exactly. Mrs. McGrath is entertaining me while I am enjoying this dear little boy in my arms."

"Indeed then, Mr. Drayton," broke in Mrs. McGrath, "your sweet sister is just doing everything. She has made me get out all the bits of clothing I have in the house to see what we might want; and yonder in the box are the groceries and the meat she's after bringing us — God bless her."

"Please don't, Mrs. McGrath; please don't make so much of the little I am doing. You know it gives me a great deal of pleasure to do what little I can for you."

"Tell me about your husband, Mrs. McGrath; is he badly hurt?" asked Alfred.

The good woman's face immediately assumed a tearful aspect as she replied: "Indeed, Mr. Drayton, he was. His arm was crushed badly in some part of the

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machinery, and he was taken to the Flower Hospital. At first the doctors said he was likely to lose his arm, but this morning I am told they think he may save it. It will surely be many weeks before he can go to any work again. If I could get a bit of washing to do here in my own place, I might get along, I think, until Patrick is able to go back to his job."

"All right, Mrs. McGrath, we will see what we can do, my sister and I, about the washing. You keep a good heart in you, and don't worry. Everything will come out all right, I am sure. Gertrude, I think you and I had better hurry home, as I have an errand I must attend to on the way. One of us will call to-morrow, Mrs. McGrath, and see how things are getting on."

The good woman was profuse in her expressions of gratitude to both Gertrude and Alfred, and it is safe to say the morning call of these young people threw a ray of sunshine into the poor little home, dispelling the clouds that otherwise would have darkened it, and making the wife and mother's burden of poverty and anxiety much lighter.

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"Drive to the Flower Hospital, Richard," said Alfred as they entered their carriage.

There he met one of the attending physicians, whom he knew personally, and learned from him that while McGrath's arm had been badly crushed, he thought they would be able to save it; and with careful treatment he hoped the man, after a few weeks, would have the use of it again. Alfred requested that the patient should have the best of care, with anything that might tend to relieve his sufferings or hasten his recovery; adding that he himself would be responsible for any expense incurred. On their way home they called upon one of the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Conference of St. Stephen's Church, and requested that a visitor be put upon this case.

No worthy appeal to this grand Society goes unheeded. The same spirit of humility and self-effacement which inspired Ozanam and his associates seventy-five years ago in Paris still distinguishes the Society of St. Vincent de Paul the world over. Vincen-tians have no vain ambitions; they are striving for something better than an earthly crown.

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As Alfred and Gertrude entered the Madison Avenue house they saw Mildred still stretched on the sofa, poring over her novel.

"Well, Gertrude," she exclaimed, "where on earth have you been? converting the heathens, or scrubbing those dirty little brats on the East Side?"

"Neither," called out Alfred. "We have just been giving ourselves a delicious little treat, haven't we, Gertrude?"

"Oh indeed, have you?" said Mildred. "Maillard's, or the Ritz-Carlton?"

"Neither," replied Alfred. "We have been indulging in the extravagant luxury of trying to make other people happy. Try it, Mildred; there's nothing like it."

"O pshaw!" cried out his sister. "I would rather read my novel. It is one of the most fascinating stories I ever read in my life."

"What's it about, Mildred?"

"O, a charming young girl is in love with two young fellows — or rather they are with her — and she doesn't know which one to accept. Finally, after she has kept them both on the anxious seat for about a year, and had an awful good time, she marries the lover who has the most money. And

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then she finds, after the honeymoon is over, that she has made a mistake. The discarded lover is in favor again, they are exchanging notes, meeting frequently at Delmonico's and the Plaza, the husband is becoming fearfully jealous, and the whole situation is immensely exciting. I am just dying to know how it all comes out."

"O Mildred dear," said Gertrude deprecatingly, "how can you enjoy such trash?"

"You may call it trash, Gertrude, but the critics pronounce it one of the most fascinating books of the season. Everybody is reading it, and they tell me at Brentano's that it is one of the best sellers they have ever had."

"But my dear sister, what possible benefit can you derive from such literature? It holds your attention and keeps you in a state of unhealthy excitement with its recital of the morbid details of an idle, selfish life; and when you have laid it aside, you cannot feel that it has inspired you with a single noble, elevating thought — perhaps the contrary."

"O don't moralize, I beg of you, Gertrude. I am reading the book of course for

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my amusement, not for any moral lessons that can be drawn from it."

"Mildred, let me suggest to you," said Alfred, "that it is not always a good plan to attach much importance to current book reviews. They do not, as a rule, reflect the best critical judgment and are rarely safe guides. As to a book's being a 'best seller,' that is too often the result of a generous use of printers' ink."

"My dear child," said her mother, who had entered the room while this argument was going on, "if a book offers nothing better than a sensational story, if it contains no wholesome thoughts that you can recall with profit after you have laid it down, it is not worth reading. It is worse than a waste of time to occupy your mind with such literature."

Luncheon was announced and the interesting conversation was cut short.

V

Why I am a Socialist

ALFRÉD DRAYTON had invited a few of his friends to dine with him Wednesday evening at the University Club, and among them were George Stuart and Herman Villard. In fact, the dinner was given primarily for the purpose of making these two gentlemen acquainted with a few friends of Drayton's who, he was sure, would be entertaining in a discussion of certain social problems in which they were all interested.

Stuart and Villard had been classmates at Harvard, while Drayton was a Yale graduate. The latter had seen a good deal of Stuart at the Lawyers' Club, and liked him; but he had no sympathy with him in his Socialistic views. Villard he had seen less of, and though he found him well informed and entertaining, his opinions on social ques-

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tions were so radical that Drayton avoided as far as possible any conversation with him on such topics.

The other guests at the dinner were, Bayard S. Colby, a gentleman well known in financial and political circles in New York; Cyril B. Parkman, whose contributions to periodical literature have attracted much attention and been favorably received; and James R. Morton, a clear-headed, energetic journalist.

After a good deal of small talk the conversation drifted gradually into a more serious discussion of questions of general public interest, financial, political, and social. The unsettled industrial situation, and especially the many labor strikes of the year, were being earnestly debated when the coffee was poured and cigars were lighted. Turning to Stuart, who sat opposite, Drayton said:

“George, we are on a subject which, I know, interests you intensely. We all of us deplore the unfortunate conditions which oppress so many of the working people. As to the causes which have brought about these conditions, and the remedies to be

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applied, we are not so wholly in accord — at least you and I differ considerably in our views.

“Gentlemen, our friends Mr. Stuart and Mr. Villard, as you may have inferred from their remarks, are Socialists. Mr. Stuart, whom I have had the pleasure of knowing somewhat intimately, and with whom I have often discussed social problems, is, I believe, of that number in the party who are known as ‘the intellectuals’ — one of those who advocate an educational campaign, who believe that before any ‘direct action’ is undertaken in a great popular movement, the people whose support they invite should be thoroughly acquainted with the fundamental principles upon which it is based. I know of no one who is better qualified to explain and defend the faith that is in him than Mr. Stuart, and I am going to ask him, therefore, to tell us why he is a Socialist.”

“My dear Alfred,” replied Stuart, “it is very kind of you to make me out an intellectual in any sense; but I do not feel that I am competent to explain and defend the doctrines of Socialism. However, with-

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out any hesitation I can tell you why I am a Socialist.

“I am sure you will all of you agree with me that conditions, both moral and physical, existing among a very large portion of the people of our country are distressing. While a few, a very few, are living on the fat of the land, indulging in every conceivable luxury, the vast majority are struggling for the bare necessities of life, and many are starving for want of food to eat, and shivering for want of clothes to cover their emaciated bodies. Walking up this gorgeous Fifth Avenue, gazing into the palatial shops and watching the gay equipages that crowd the street, we are impressed by the evidence of what seems to be universal prosperity.

“Turn into the side streets, go nearer the river front, and we are amazed at the contrast. Enter the homes of the destitute poor; we are shocked at the misery which confronts us. Go a little farther; study the condition of the poor wretches who have no homes, and apparently no friends. You will be made heart-sick; and as you turn back to the quarters where wealth abounds, your soul will be stirred by conflicting thoughts

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and emotions, and whatever other conclusion you may reach, you will at least realize that something is radically wrong in our much vaunted modern civilization. Take a trip into the manufacturing districts of the country. If you are up early enough in the morning, you will see at all seasons of the year and in all kinds of weather, thousands of men, women, and children with tin pails in their hands — suggestive of the sumptuous midday repast that is coming — making their way before seven o'clock to the mills, where they toil till six o'clock in the evening; and then you will witness the same crowds, weary and exhausted, homeward bound — if you can call the barren places where they sleep, homes. Go to the mining regions; see the armies of men going down every day into the bowels of the earth, taking their lives in their hands, and toiling the livelong day — which for them is turned into darkest night — for a mere pittance, which barely enables them to eke out a miserable existence, with few of the comforts and none of the luxuries of life; while their heartless employers, the capitalist mine owners, dwell in palaces and feast on the

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good things which are really afforded them by the labors of their toiling miners. These are only examples. The world is full of monstrous inequalities, witnessing to the injustice and selfishness of rich men. All this, gentlemen, led me in the first instance into the ranks of Socialism."

While he was talking, Stuart had addressed himself principally to Alfred Drayton. With his last remark he glanced around the table with an expression that implied that the question put to him had been fully answered.

Alfred nodded his head and turned to Mr. Parkman, as though he expected him to say something in reply.

After a moment's hesitation the latter said: "Mr. Stuart, I think you have depicted very accurately a condition with which we are all familiar, and the picture is one that arouses our sincere and most intense sympathy. But may I ask you why the consideration of this misery and distress which you speak of has led you into the Socialist camp?"

"Because, Mr. Parkman, I believe that with the establishment of the Socialist Re-

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public these inequalities will cease to exist, and the working man will receive the real value of his labor. To-day less than half of the use value of the product of his labor goes to the working man, the balance, the surplus value as it is called, going to the owner of the means of production, the capitalist. This I regard as a gross injustice, and it is precisely this injustice which Socialism proposes to relieve."

"How, Mr. Stuart?"

"By abolishing all class distinctions; by doing away with all private ownership of property, except such as one has produced by his own labor; by compelling every able-bodied man to work; and by giving to every worker the whole use value of the product of his labor, less a slight deduction for administrative expenses."

"You say, Mr. Stuart, that Socialism would abolish all class distinctions. Are we to understand that under the new dispensation the man of liberal education and culture, whose intellectual and æsthetic tastes are gratified by constant application to literary and artistic work, and whose forbears for generations have been men of the

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same character and mode of thought, that such a man must perforce become the associate and social equal of the illiterate, ignorant man who has no appreciation whatever of the attainments of the scholar, or the beautiful creations of the artist, and no respect for nobility of character; whose chief delight is witnessing a prize fight, or carousing with his fellow-degenerates?"

"Why no, Mr. Parkman, the educated man need not make a bosom companion of an ignoramus. Naturally, men of intellectual accomplishments would congregate together, and those of artistic tastes would be mutually companionable. But there would be no class distinctions, no class privileges. In fact, the key-note of the Socialist Republic will be equal opportunities to all — 'all men are born free and equal.'"

"Mr. Stuart, you are, I am sure, a scholar and a student of history. Have you ever discovered in your readings a civilization in any part of the world, at any time, which did not have its classes and its class distinctions, or privileges as you call them? Were it otherwise, were the whole nation reduced to a dead level, what inducement would

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there be to advancement or to individual betterment? The progress of an army depends upon the movement of its heaviest branch; the speed of a fleet is measured by the capacity of its slowest vessel. If in like manner all classes of the community must move upon the same plane socially, without distinction, the lowest orders of society must be a drag upon the whole community, impeding its highest development.

“As to all men’s being born free and equal, that is a euphonism that sounds well enough in political platforms and such like appeals to popular favor, but is too flatly contradicted by the experience of everyday life to be seriously discussed. Surely, the child born of sickly parents, weak intellectually and physically, cannot be called the equal of one born of healthy parents, possessed of a vigorous constitution, and endowed with the highest mental qualities. Men are not born with equal opportunities, nor is it possible for all by education or other outside help to reach the same plane, except in the sphere of morality. Moral excellence is within the reach of every human being, and in that only are all men born equal.”

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At this point Mr. Colby turned to Mr. Parkman and said: "Will you allow me to ask Mr. Stuart a question?"

"Certainly."

"Mr. Stuart, the second step, I believe, in the socialist programme for the regeneration of society is to be the abolition of all private ownership of property. How is this to be accomplished?"

"By the revolution," replied Villard in a rather defiant tone of voice. He had thus far been a silent listener, but Mr. Colby's question drew from him this hasty reply.

"Well, Mr. Colby," replied Stuart, apparently not noticing Villard's interruption, "your query brings up the crux of the whole question — how shall the great transformation be brought about? Most socialist writers who are looked upon as authorities, from Marx and Engels down, have admitted, I believe, that a revolution must take place before the Socialist Republic is established. My own view of the case is that the propaganda of education should be urged with all the power and zeal at our command, and the majority of the people of the country be converted to the doctrines of Socialism

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before resort is had to direct action. And then I believe that some compensation should be made to capitalists who voluntarily surrender their property to the collective community."

"How are you going to pay for such surrendered property?" asked Mr. Colby.

"By bonds of the Socialist Republic," replied Stuart.

"And what provision will be made for the payment of interest, and for the redemption of the bonds at maturity?"

"Why, as I understand it, a fund will be set aside out of surplus values, to meet any such indebtedness, and to provide for administration expenses."

"And what will you define as surplus value in a Co-operative Commonwealth?"

"Just what it is to-day, except as to the mode of its distribution. Under our present capitalistic system the working man sells his labor capacity as one would any other merchandise. He receives the exchange value only of his labor, which is measured by the general cost of his sustenance, while his employer obtains its use value in the product. The difference between the cost

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to the employer of the labor capacity and its use value in the product which he secures, constitutes the surplus value or profit of the capitalist. When the means of production become the property of the people, the working man will receive the entire use value of his labor, minus a small deduction for administrative expenses and the needs of the Co-operative Society."

"But Mr. Stuart, who will determine the use value of labor in the product? Who will make an equitable distribution of this value among the millions of workmen in the country? Who will estimate the deductions to be made for administration expenses; for the payment of interest on bonds, if any are issued, and their liquidation at maturity; for the repairs and renewal of buildings and machinery; for transportation facilities, the management of public utilities, water, light, and power, postal, telegraph, telephone, and express service; for policing the cities and towns of the country and a thousand other requirements which call for practical experience and expert administrative ability — who will supervise and direct the industrial and

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financial intricacies of this vast and complex social system? And then, you say, every able-bodied man in the Co-operative Republic will be compelled to work. What authority will have power to enforce this rule?"

"Mr. Colby, in the socialist community there will naturally be a board, or committee, chosen from among the people, who will regulate all these matters and enforce discipline."

"A sort of government by commission?"

"Not precisely. The theory of Socialists is that when the Co-operative Republic is firmly established, when all men are equal, and every man is independent, when there is no profit taking, but each one receives the whole value of the product of his toil, there will be no need of government in the sense in which that term is used to-day. The board of supervisors, elected annually or biennially, will of course appoint superintendents of the various departments of industry, finance, public service, schools, hospitals, etc., to see that each member of the community is assigned to such duties as he is best qualified to perform, that each

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one receives what his work entitles him to, and that equal opportunity is afforded, and equal justice rendered to all. The essence of Socialism is the uplifting of the race, the doing away with all injustices and inequalities, the freeing the proletariat from the shackles in which they are now bound, hand and foot, by capitalism. When this is accomplished, it seems to me that a new era will dawn upon the world: all that is good and noble in human nature will be drawn out and encouraged; there will be no class antagonisms, every comrade will recognize in his neighbor a man with equal rights; there will be no envy or jealousies, and consequently no incentive to crime or misdemeanor. Any manifestation of that character would be condemned by public opinion, and be met by repressive measures of the most drastic character. Every member of society, in a word, would be interested in the welfare of every other member, and of the whole Socialist community."

"Your description of the Socialist Society is certainly attractive, Mr. Stuart," said Mr. Colby, who had been an attentive listener to the former's remarks (he really

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had had some difficulty in repressing a smile as Stuart concluded what seemed like a peroration), "but to me it has somewhat of a utopian coloring. I am sure you are familiar with the many attempts that have been made in this same direction by the would-be reformers of the human race, and their disastrous failures. You have not forgotten the interesting venture at Brook Farm, the dismal collapse of Cabet's Icarian communities, or Lane's Paraguayan fiasco. If you will analyze these various attempts, all instigated by well-meaning but impractical men, bearing in mind always the infirmities as well as the good qualities of human nature, I think you will come to the conclusion that all such attempts to revolutionize society are but empty dreams that always bring misery and suffering to their poor victims.

"May I ask you, Mr. Stuart, whether in your study of Socialism you have given any attention to the writers on the other side of the question; to men, that is, who have carefully and scientifically examined the theories of Marx and Engels, from the historical and sociological, as well as the moral

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point of view, and have pronounced them unsound, impracticable, and dangerous to the good morals of society?"

"I confess, Mr. Colby, that I have been remiss in that respect. One seeking the truth in any matter should, I know, listen to the arguments pro and con. But my time for reading has been somewhat limited, and I have been so intensely interested, so absorbed, I may say, in the works of Socialist writers, that I have neglected to examine the arguments of their opponents. I shall be very glad now to take up the authors you refer to and read them carefully. Would you kindly suggest two or three books that offer the best arguments against Socialism?"

"Why Mr. Stuart, there are so many excellent works on the subject, that it is difficult to single out any one or two and give them preference. It seems to me, if I were taking up the subject *ab initio*, I would start with Cathrein, a German author, who goes into the question more thoroughly and satisfactorily than any writer I know of. The eighth German edition was translated into English by Victor F. Gettelmann, S.J.,

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with special reference to the condition of Socialism in the United States. The English translation is published by Benziger Brothers. The title of the book is 'Socialism. Cathrein-Gettelmann.' Then a scholarly discussion of the subject will be found in Mallock's 'Critical Examination of Socialism,' which, in substance, is a résumé of five lectures delivered in this country by that brilliant English author. 'Syndicalism and Labour,' by Sir Arthur Clay, will give you a good deal of information about a phase of socialism which has been gathering force in Europe during the past fifteen years, and has recently obtained a considerable following in our own country. If you wish to consider the objections to socialism from a religious or moral point of view, you had better consult the works of Catholic writers. I am a Protestant, but I confess I have found nothing so complete and satisfactory as 'The Church and Social Problems' by the Jesuit Father Husslein. A little book called 'Socialism and Christianity,' by Dr. Stang, bishop of Fall River, is excellent.

"If you will consult these several works, you will find, I am sure, much matter for

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serious reflection. You can obtain them from any of the principal book stores in town."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Colby, for the information. I promise you I will order all of them; and what's more, I will read them."

"Gentlemen," here interposed Mr. Villard, who had been rather restless during this conversation, chewing the end of his cigar, and moving from one side of his chair to the other, "let me ask you a question. If the Marxian rule of value is incorrect, if the exchange value of an article is not measured by the amount of social labor expended upon it, what standard will you set up in place of it?" He glanced at Mr. Parkman as he finished his question.

"The law of demand and supply," promptly replied the latter.

"Would you then take no account of the labor expended in producing the article?"

"By no means. Labor often constitutes the larger part of the value of a thing—sometimes an insignificant part of it. If people have no use for it, if no one cares to possess it, the value will be small, regard-

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less of the amount of work expended upon it. If on the other hand the demand for an article is greater than the supply, the value will be proportionally large, irrespective of the labor represented in it. Of course, if there is a demand for an article, the amount of labor expended upon it, and especially the character of the work, will be an element, perhaps the principal element, in fixing the value of the product."

"Suppose, Mr. Parkman, that an employer, a manufacturer so called, receives one hundred dollars for a certain article, that the material entering into it costs twenty dollars, and that the workman who produces the finished article from the raw material gets forty dollars for his labor. Don't you think that the employer, or capitalist, is receiving more than his share of the surplus value?"

"Not necessarily, Mr. Villard. Your argument is based on the false Marxian premise that the surplus value is the difference between the exchange value of the labor capacity and the use value of the product. This has been disproved many times. But let us take the case you propose. The actual

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value of the finished article is one hundred dollars, and the manufacturer receives that amount for it, forty dollars of which goes, without any deduction, to the workman. Besides the raw material, there are the cost of running the factory, including coal, water, light, repairs, salaries and commissions, insurance, taxes, interest on investment, losses on uncollectible accounts, and a host of those minor items called incidentals. When all these have been provided for, the surplus going to the credit of the capitalist may be anything, from a minus figure to a small margin of profit. If he gets anything more, you may be sure he has earned it."

Villard puffed away at his cigar, but said nothing.

VI

Why I am not

“**M**R. MORTON, we haven't had the pleasure of hearing from you on this interesting subject,” said Drayton. “I am sure you are not indifferent to the questions we have been discussing.”

“Indeed no, Mr. Drayton, I am very much interested. I have been an attentive listener, and I cordially endorse all that Mr. Colby and Mr. Parkman have said. If I were to attempt to add anything to their excellent arguments, it would be something rather of a general character.

“Marx's pseudo-philosophy, his ‘Materialistic Conception of History,’ as he calls it, his theories of Value, Surplus Value, Class Antagonism, etc., have been, as you say, thoroughly refuted. But the majority of the people who read the Socialist literature

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that is being spread broadcast over the land, and listen to the soap box orators dilating upon the crimes of capitalism, men whose business experience is generally on a par with their financial resources, the majority, I say, of these people know little, and care less for the complicated theories of Economic Determinism, Surplus Value, etc.; but they are intensely interested in the wonderful utopia promised in the extravagant pictures drawn by the teachers of Socialism. They are to become the owners of the lands, tenements, and hereditaments now held by the hated capitalists, by their tyrannical employers in the mills and factories and mines of the country; all class distinctions are to be wiped out; every one is to be compelled to work, and work as directed by the benevolent leaders of the Co-operative Republic; every one is to receive an income of at least five thousand dollars a year. Is it not time that the lime light of truth, the searching light of practical experience should be turned upon the vagaries of these pretended reformers of modern civilization, and the fantastic dreams of an impossible millennium dissipated? The

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great majority of our people, absorbed in their own personal affairs, are blind to the condition which confronts them, blind to the danger which lurks in this modern socialistic heresy."

"Mr. Morton," said Stuart, "may I ask you the same question that Mr. Colby put to me: Have you studied the other side?"

"I have, Mr. Stuart, thoroughly. I have read carefully the writings of Marx and Engels and Kautsky and Bebel and Liebknecht and Lassalle, as well as Jaures and Vollmar and Bernstein and Belfort-Bax; and I am certainly familiar with the views of such American Socialists as Bellamy, De Leon, Hillquit, Spargo, Debs, and other lesser lights. These writers represent the various shades of socialistic thought. However much they may differ as to means and methods, collectivism is the ultimate goal of all.

"It is no new revelation to most of us, when these modern prophets proclaim that the world is a valley of tears, and that the majority of the human race are afflicted by ills to which they have been heirs since that unhappy fall in the garden of Eden.

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But these self-constituted reformers seem to imagine that they are first comers in the field of social reformation; they are apparently ignorant, or wilfully blind to the fact that thousands of noble, heroic souls have given their lives, and many more are still struggling for the relief and betterment of their fellow-beings. The system of these modern innovators, if system it can be called, is purely destructive. The constructive element is so vague, so ill-defined; the practical working out of the tremendous problems which intimately affect the social, political, and moral condition of all classes is so crude, illogical, impossible in fact, that one must conclude that only folly or malice could have instigated it."

"Mr. Morgan" — it was Stuart that first spoke in reply; both he and Villard had found it difficult to contain themselves during Morton's scathing denunciation of Socialism — "it seems to me that you hardly do justice to the thousands of thoughtful, earnest men who are advocating the cause of Socialism in the sincere belief that it is the only social system that can liberate the masses from the poverty and misery which

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now oppress them, and provide equal opportunity to all."

"Mr. Stuart, I do not for a moment doubt the entire sincerity of purpose of many who are supporting the cause of Socialism. But such men, generally, are led on by the fantasies of their imagination; they are chasing an *ignis fatuus*."

"And the terrible conditions existing among the working people, Mr. Morton; the scanty wages meted out to them by their wealthy employers, which barely keep them from starvation; the cruel hardships suffered by the women and children; the lack of opportunity afforded them for intellectual, moral, or social improvement, or healthful recreation; are all these things fantasies of the imagination?" asked Villard with a look of indignation.

"Your question, Mr. Villard, calls attention to a fact which, it seems to me, you and the many worthy gentlemen Mr. Stuart referred to a moment ago, fail to recognize. Sympathy for the sufferings of humanity and regrets for the injustice which one half of the world coldly heaps upon the other half are not confined to the advocates of

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the Co-operative Republic. The country is full of good men and women — many of them the misunderstood and hated capitalists — who are giving labor and time and money to the cause of social reform, to the improvement of the condition of the poor, in their homes, in the mills and factories and stores where they work, in the parks where they find their recreation, in schools for their children, and many other ways. Have you ever known a leader in the Socialist party, or a professional advocate of Socialism to do any of these things, or to do anything in fact to improve the condition of suffering humanity? No, he devotes himself rather to preaching the gospel of hate, to stirring up bitter animosity in the minds of the poor, the uneducated, the unfortunate members of society, against those who by long years of patient labor and economy have accumulated a competence. Some of these continue to accumulate, until eventually they become 'capitalists.' One of them goes out to a Western wilderness and builds a railroad; and presently the country, for hundreds of miles about, is dotted with prosperous villages and well-

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cultivated fields, from which the grain and fruit are transported to the East and to Europe, enriching thousands of families. Another builds a factory in an out-of-the-way section of the country, where industrial activity never got beyond the possibilities of the country store; and in a few months he has drawn around him a thousand workers, many of them receiving better wages than they have ever known, and has built scores of cottages for the families of his employés. Still another invests his earnings in real estate; he builds a modern hotel, which attracts visitors from all parts of the country, who spend their money in the town; or erects a spacious building for stores and offices, which enhances the beauty, as well as the commercial activity of the place. And then what happens? It's an old saying, that he who makes two ears of corn, or two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, has not lived in vain. Unfortunately, the services of such a man are not always duly appreciated. These public benefactors, who have added so much to the wealth and general prosperity of the communities in which their

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enterprises have been developed, have in the natural course of things become 'capitalists.' It is hardly to be supposed that their motives have been wholly altruistic, or that their work was undertaken entirely for their health. In many cases, to be sure, the men who have embarked in these promising enterprises have sunk their capital and given their labor for nothing. Their undertakings have proved to be financially disastrous for them, and others reap the harvest they have prepared. But in the cases I am supposing the work has yielded good returns to them, as well as great benefit to society at large.

"But now the Socialist appears, the propagator of discontent and class hatred. The soap box orator, Bombastes Furioso, is abroad, and Socialist tracts are scattered broadcast through the homes and meeting-places of the working people; and they are persuaded to believe that they are being exploited, that they are receiving but a small part of the value of the product of their labor, that there is an enormous surplus value that goes into the pockets of their employers, and sustains the capitalistic

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system under which they are being enslaved.

"Gentlemen, there are grave wrongs existing in our body politic, and in the social conditions under which we live — wrongs which can be righted only by intelligent, patient efforts, with due regard for all interests concerned, not by the rash, ill-considered theories or promises of inexperienced men, who are generally the unsuccessful, disappointed members of society.

"The fantasies which I spoke of are not the wrongs and misfortunes which afflict the poorer, weaker members of the community, and which all right-minded people sincerely deplore, but the visionary schemes of would-be leaders of the people — the Socialists. These men would tear down the edifice which fifty generations have labored to build, and in its place they promise to erect a visionary castle in the air. Of course the whole scheme of these reformers is chimerical and visionary, and therefore I call it the vain fantasy of dreamers."

"I still fail to see, Mr. Morton, why you should consider this great movement of social reform chimerical. As to its being the

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vain fantasy of dreamers, it seems to me a more fitting title would be the nightmare of capitalists. The work of social reorganization, culminating eventually in the Co-operative Republic, has been carefully studied and practically worked out in all its details by the ablest students of sociological questions. I see no reason why it should not accomplish fully the purposes for which it was undertaken."

"I do not think you are quite correct, Mr. Villard, in saying that the scheme of social reorganization proposed has been worked out in all its details. Where any attempt has been made to explain how this scheme is to be carried out in detail the Socialist authorities are vague or contradictory. Nor do I think it possible to give a definite or satisfactory explanation of how it is to be accomplished. Human nature is essentially the same at all times and in all places. On the one hand there are in every community certain members whose ambition it is to lead, to control their fellow-beings, to acquire pre-eminence, whether intellectual, or political, or social. On the other hand there are many who, whether

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from inability, or human perversity, shirk the ordinary duties of good citizenship, and some others, unfortunately, who are addicted to immorality and crime. All these will have their place in the Socialist Republic, as they have in all forms of society, whether under the rule of a monarch, or of popular government. And what is the Socialist programme? How do these new-comers propose to reform society, to curb the ambition of selfish men, to stimulate the civic pride of the indifferent masses, and to restrain the passions of evil-minded men? They are going to abolish all private property in the means of production — that is, of course, capital, real estate, machinery, tools, etc. — they will do away with the wage system *in toto*; all able-bodied men are to be compelled to work, the distribution of the product of labor being made by public officials; there are to be no class distinctions, all members of the community being placed on a common level; the care and education of the children is to be undertaken by the State, that is the Co-operative Republic; religion will be discouraged, if not absolutely destroyed. A committee, or board

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of direction, elected by the people, is to have the entire management of the affairs of the community, from the building of a railroad, or publishing a newspaper, to the daily distribution of the necessities of life. Every member of the commune is to be assigned to such work as this board may think best, and is to receive from time to time a certificate showing just how much social labor he has performed, and how much he is entitled to receive from the stores of the Co-operative Commonwealth.

“Now gentlemen, with all due respect to the sincere advocates of Socialism, is it reasonable to suppose that these inexperienced dreamers can renew the face of the earth; can do away with the ills from which humanity has suffered since ‘Adam delved and Eve span’; can so manage the economic conditions of modern life that an equal amount of labor shall fall to every man, and an equal share of wealth and happiness be enjoyed by all?

“The successful management of our railroads and steamship lines, our mines and mills and factories, our banks and insurance companies, mercantile establishments, and

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a host of other enterprises, all these call for expert knowledge and experience, which can be had only by liberally remunerating the highest order of business talent. Will the politicians — for politicians they certainly will be — who are elected by popular vote to manage the affairs of the community, have the requisite qualifications for dealing with these technical matters, even supposing them all to be honest? And would not their various appointments and assignments to work give rise to envy and jealousy? One member of the community is placed in the counting-room and attends to business correspondence, while his neighbor and quondam associate is set to work in the trenches, or contributes his efforts to cleaning the streets. One is appointed purchasing agent for the mills, while a less favored comrade becomes conductor or brakeman on a railroad. You will tell me, of course, that these various appointments are made according to a man's experience and abilities, and to a considerable extent, no doubt, they would be. But in the ordinary course of things, how would it be possible for these popularly elected officials, holding office for

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a brief term, and with little knowledge themselves of the manifold duties and responsibilities of these positions, to designate the right men to fill them? It would be remarkable, moreover, if favoritism were not shown."

"Mr. Morton, there is a phase of Socialism which I am afraid you do not fully appreciate, or which perhaps you are disposed to ignore," said Stuart. "When the Co-operative Republic is fully established, class distinctions abolished, every member of society independent and the peer of every other member, it is believed that the best in human nature will be developed, and the sordid, mean traits which are now the source of so much injustice and crime and misery, will be subdued, and every man, realizing that he is the equal of every other man, will devote himself unselfishly to the well-being of the whole community. The temptation to profit in any way by the damage inflicted upon another will be removed. As Marx puts it in that classic work of his, 'Capital'" — here Stuart drew from his pocket a memorandum, from which he read:

"In a higher phase of communist society, after slavish subordination of the individual under the

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divisions of labor, and consequently the opposition between mental and bodily work, has disappeared; after labor has ceased to be merely the means of sustaining life, but has become an urgent desire; after the individual has become more perfect in every respect, increasing thereby also the productive forces and giving full play to the fountains of co-operative wealth — then only, the narrow ordinary barriers of right and justice can be demolished, and society may inscribe upon its banner: Each one according to his abilities, to each one according to his needs.”¹

“Mr. Stuart, that is a very fair illustration of what I call the fantasy of a disordered imagination. To suppose for a moment that any human device could change the current of human thoughts and human passions, could make over, as it were, human nature — for that is what it amounts to — could, in a word, transform our weaknesses and evil inclinations into aspirations after perfection — all this is but the idle dream of a theorist.”

Drayton here interrupted the conversation long enough to order hot coffee, and to have fresh cigars passed.

¹ “Capital,” vol. I, p. 567.

VII

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BUT gentlemen," continued Mr. Morton, "passing over the irrational proposition of a Co-operative Republic — which certainly will never be permanently established in this country — I would like to call your attention to an element in the Socialist Party which I believe is little understood, and which threatens the peace and general prosperity of the country more than any movement which has come before the people since the Civil War. I refer to what is generally known in Europe as Syndicalism, in this country as the Industrial Workers of the World — the I.W.W.

"Its ablest champion in France, where naturally enough it really had its origin, is M. Sorel, a man of education and ability. Summed up in a nutshell, the creed of Syndicalism is, as Sir Arthur Clay describes it,

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‘that those who have, and who pay wages, ought to be deprived of their property for the benefit of those who have not, and who receive wages.’ And the means of accomplishing this end is sabotage and the general strike. ‘Since the purpose of Syndicalism is the total destruction of the existing industrial organization,’ says Sir Arthur, ‘and the transfer of all means of production from their present possessors, the wage payers, to the wage receivers, by means of a general strike, the attraction which it possesses for men of revolutionary and anarchic tendencies is obvious.’

‘The leaders of Syndicalism in this country, the captains of the I.W.W., care nothing for any social reform that will benefit the working classes, care nothing for any local strikes undertaken by the Labor Unions to correct some injustice suffered by the working men in certain districts, except in so far as such movements invite sympathetic strikes, upset social conditions, and prepare the way for the revolution. The most conspicuous leaders of the party in this country, men like Eugene V. Debs and Wm. D. Haywood, openly assert their disloyalty to

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the Government of the United States, and do not hesitate to proclaim themselves conspirators and revolutionists. They are absolutely opposed to any and all social reforms, to any movement which contemplates the betterment of the laboring classes, unless they are in accord with the theories of the I.W.W. Why? Because these efforts, they assert, only postpone the hour of direct action, only put off the day of the inevitable revolution. The scheme of these restless agitators is to create such confusion and discord in the industrial world that there will be no profit to the capitalist in the enterprises which are now conducted under modern economic conditions; and when this destructive policy shall have accomplished its purpose, by means of sabotage and the general strike, the organized proletariat will inaugurate the revolution and seize the property of their employers, the means of production and distribution, and the Co-operative Republic will be proclaimed."

"Mr. Morton, I am somewhat of a radical myself," said Villard. "I believe in a thorough organization of the working people all over the world, socially and politically,

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as well as economically; and although I do not think the time as yet ripe for direct action, I believe that eventually we shall have to face a revolution before the Socialist Republic is established. In the meantime we shall favor social reforms; we shall welcome any movement that promises to improve the condition of the working classes; and it seems to me you do an injustice to Socialist leaders when you say that they are disloyal citizens, conspiring against the Government, and that they are indifferent to social reforms."

Morton smiled as he took from his pocket a little memorandum book and said: "Like our friend, Mr. Stuart, I have been in the habit, for some years past, of keeping a little reference book, which often refreshes my memory upon points in which I am anxious to be quite accurate. The perennial candidate — I do not, of course, mean the excellent gentleman from Nebraska, but that other equally persistent seeker after presidential honors, Mr. Eugene V. Debs — asserts that 'the Socialist party is not a party of reform, but for the revolution.' In the *International Socialist Review* he

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writes: 'As a revolutionist I have no respect for capitalist property laws, nor the least scruple about violating them. I am law abiding under protest — not from scruple — and abide my time.'

"In his 'Writings and Speeches' you will find this loyal sentiment: 'Our Government is a republic in name only; it is a failure. *Hence it must be overthrown by a revolution.* VIVE LA RÉVOLUTION. The most heroic word in all languages is REVOLUTION. . . . Let us glorify the revolutions of the past and hail the Greater Revolution yet to come.'

"In his pamphlet on 'Unionism and Socialism' he writes: 'There can be no reform that will be of any great or permanent benefit to the working class. The present system of private ownership must be abolished, and the workers must be made the owners of the tools with which they work.'

"Describing what Socialism means, in the same pamphlet, he says: 'Socialism is first of all a political movement of the working class, clearly defined and uncompromising, which aims at the overthrow of the prevailing capitalist system by securing control

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of the national government and by the exercise of the public powers, supplanting the existing capitalist class government with Socialist administration — that is to say, changing a republic in name into a republic in fact.’

“You are familiar, I am sure, with the recent speech of Wm. D. Haywood — ‘Big Bill’, as his friends call him — at Cooper Union,¹ which has called forth so much criticism all over the country. Haywood is reported in the *International Socialist Review* to have said: ‘I despise the law. I am not a law abiding citizen. No Socialist can be a law abiding citizen.’ Further on he said, according to the same authority: ‘We become conspirators then against the United States government. And certainly it is our purpose to abolish this government (applause) and establish in its place an industrial democracy (applause). Now we haven’t any hesitation in saying that that is our aim and purpose. Am I correct? (Tremendous applause).’

¹ Haywood’s speech, as a matter of fact, was delivered some months subsequent to the date of this conversation. But it so perfectly exemplifies the socialist spirit of then and now, that Mr. Morton is permitted to quote it *nunc pro tunc*.

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"The *International Socialist Review* also quotes Mr. Haywood as saying: 'It is better for a young man to be a traitor to his country than to be a traitor to his class by joining the militia.'"

"Mr. Morton, I regard all these as exaggerated expressions of individual opinion," said Villard. "An enthusiastic member of a political party, especially if he is addressing an audience who are in complete sympathy with him, and who are carried away by his eloquence, will make use of language which he himself subsequently, in his calmer moments, will recognize as excessive. Such excited speeches oftentimes really do injustice to the speaker. In any event, they do not necessarily express the real principles of the party."

"But Mr. Villard, neither of the gentlemen I have referred to ever intimated, so far as I know, that his expressions were exaggerated, or carried a different meaning from what he intended they should. And the revolutionary explosion of Mr. Debs, which I have quoted, was not delivered in a speech, but appeared in the *International Socialist Review*, as a sort of apology for Haywood's remarks

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in a pamphlet which he and Frank Bohn had published, under the title of 'Industrial Socialism.' Haywood had said: 'The worker retains absolutely no respect for the property rights of the profit takers. He will use any weapon which will win the fight. He knows that the present laws of property rights are made by and for the capitalists. Therefore he does not hesitate to break them.' In his defence Eugene Debs, the Socialist candidate for President of the United States, said: 'For my part I believe the paragraphs to be entirely sound,' and added the remarks which I have read to you. The editor of the *International Socialist Review*, Mr. Charles H. Kerr, in one of his pamphlets says: 'The Socialist party, in America and elsewhere, stands not for reform, but for revolution.' The one only Socialist representative in Congress, Mr. Victor Berger, of Wisconsin, signed his name to an editorial in the *Social Democratic Herald* a few months ago, in which he says"—here Morton referred again to his pocket memorandum—: "In view of the plutocratic law-making of the present day, it is easy to predict that the safety and

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hope of this country will finally lie in one direction only — that of a violent and bloody revolution. Therefore I say, each of the five hundred thousand Socialist voters, and of the two million working men who instinctively incline our way, should, besides doing much reading and still more thinking, also have a good rifle and the necessary rounds of ammunition in his home and be prepared to back up his ballot with his bullets, if necessary.’

“You read, I presume, the *Call*, the daily Socialist organ of this city, and you may have seen an article recently in that paper, by Mr. Richard Perin, entitled ‘Respect the Uniform; Honor the Flag.’ I have one or two little excerpts here from that article. Listen to what he says. ‘Honor the uniform! honor that which gives a free license to kill, if the victim happens to be a worker? Honor that which stands for oppression, for the loafer against the worker, for the master against the slave? . . . Our masters insult us by even asking such a thing. “At least honor the flag!” they cry. What flag? The American flag? The flag which floats over every hell hole of mine and mill and prison? The flag which floats

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over station house and barracks, whence issue police and soldiers to batter down and murder workers exercising their constitutional rights of free speech and free assemblage? . . . If I had been Samuel Gompers, when he was reproached by the capitalists for placing his foot on the American flag, I should have answered: "Yes, I trampled on it, and more than that, I spit upon your flag, not mine. I loathe the Stars and Stripes, once the symbol of liberty; but now the stripes represent the bloody stripes left by your lash on the back of the worker, and the stars, the bullet and bayonet wounds in his breast. TO HELL WITH YOUR FLAG! . . . Down with the scars and stripes! Run up the red flag of humanity!"

"Gentlemen, I might continue reading from my little *vade mecum* many more effusions of this character. If you ever happen to see the *Appeal to Reason*, a particularly rabid Socialist weekly, published at Girard, Kansas, and having a very large circulation, or the *International Socialist Review* of Chicago, probably the leading Socialist exponent of America, or the Socialist daily of New York, the *Call*, you will notice

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that the leaders of the party, whatever their differences of opinion upon personal matters or methods of procedure, are a unit in advocating the overthrow of the present economic system—capitalistic they call it—the expropriation of private property, and the establishment by revolution—which all of them, so far as I know, seem to regard as inevitable—of the Co-operative Republic.

“You may think perhaps that I am unnecessarily alarmed, that from a conservative point of view it should be remembered that the American people are not easily led away by newfangled doctrines; that appreciating the inestimable blessings of a free popular government, they will not permit the destruction of the sacred edifice of freedom which our forefathers built and bequeathed to us. That theory sounds certainly plausible and patriotic, and I have tried to convince myself that the grand national character, which has proved equal to so many trying vicissitudes in the past, would weather safely the storms that are threatened by this growing spirit of restlessness and discontent. But view it as we will, if our eyes are wide open to existing

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conditions, we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that the missionaries of Socialism have succeeded in arousing in the minds and hearts of working people a bitter spirit of class antagonism, which bodes no good to the peace and happiness of the community. The most violent agitators in this nefarious work are the I.W.W. Their mission seems to be the fomenting of discord and hatred between the laboring classes and their employers. It makes no difference to them what the cause of a strike is, or what disposition there may be to reconcile conflicting interests; their business apparently is to intensify the existing discontent, to magnify their wrongs in the minds of the workers, to induce, if they can, the sympathetic strike, and to inflict the greatest possible injury upon the employers. Why? Simply because, as they acknowledge, they are determined to destroy the profits of capitalism, to create trouble and confusion in the existing industrial situation, to prepare the way for the general strike, and — the coming revolution.

“My language is not exaggerated; my picture, I assure you, gentlemen, is not over-

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drawn. THE COMING STORM may be discerned by any one who is not wilfully blind or deaf to the rumblings that are to be heard on all sides in the industrial world. Do you realize the phenomenal growth of Socialism in this country during the past ten years? Look at the statistics you may find in any good almanac that gives the electoral vote of the nation. You will be surprised, if you have not before looked into the matter. There are nearly a million voters in the country to-day who cast their ballots for the Socialist candidates. And note, if you please, the increasing number of Socialist periodicals published in the country, daily, weekly, and monthly, and the Socialist pamphlets that are being distributed by the million all over the land, filling the minds of the working people with envy and distrust, cultivating 'class consciousness,' as they call it, and intensifying everywhere and always the spirit of discontent. I am satisfied that the conservative, right-minded people of the country are not alive to the danger that threatens the Republic in the extraordinary growth of this conspiracy of confiscation and revolution. The utopian predictions of

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Socialism have never been and never will be realized in this world. But the preaching and the promises of Socialist demagogues may cost the country dearly in the loss of peace and prosperity, in the destruction of property and sacrifice of life, which they are sure to bring about, unless the rising tide is met by an intelligent and well-organized resistance upon the part of the educated and conservative elements of the country. I am glad to tell you that there is a project on foot now to establish here in New York a magazine which shall inaugurate a systematic movement in opposition to Socialism, and which shall stand for Manhood, for Labor as well as for Capital, for Good Government and universal Good-Will, for Law and Order, and for Stability and Progress. The undertaking is in excellent hands, and I feel assured it will prove to be a powerful weapon in defence of true justice and liberty, and in resisting the onslaughts of communistic fanaticism and class hatred.”¹

¹ The magazine predicted by Mr. Morton has since been established here in New York under the name of *The Common Cause*. It has already proved itself all that he hoped for it, and certainly should be in every public library, and on the table of every student of modern-day social questions.

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Stuart had listened attentively to Morton's remarks, his head resting on his hand, and his eyes fixed upon the speaker. Villard sat back in his chair, his hands in his pockets, and a scowl on his face. The former was evidently about to ask a question, when Mr. Colby rose and said: "Mr. Drayton, I have enjoyed this evening's séance more than I can tell you; but I have another engagement which I must meet before going home, and I shall therefore have to bid you good-night." Mr. Parkman and Mr. Morton rose while he was speaking, and their movements indicated that they, too, were about to say good-night.

"Well, gentlemen," said their host, "if you must leave us, I shall simply declare this meeting adjourned, subject to the call of the Chair. I think we have made a pretty good beginning, but I am sure there is much more to be said upon the subject of Socialism, and I shall call you together again just as soon as circumstances will permit."

They bade each other good-night, all of them in good spirits, except possibly Villard,

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who seemed a bit ruffled over Morton's denunciation of Socialism. He gave vent to his feelings in strong language, as he walked down Fifth Avenue with his friend Stuart.

VIII

A Temptation

GEORGE STUART was a good deal agitated in mind over the matters which had been so freely discussed during the after-dinner talk at the University Club. He felt that Mr. Colby and Mr. Parkman, and especially Mr. Morton, were prejudiced — bigoted, he had said to himself. Nevertheless, their remarks had made a tremendous impression; and now he felt that he must discuss further, with some intimate friend, the thoughts that had been forced upon him.

All day long Thursday he had fumbled over the papers on his desk, and tried to collect his thoughts sufficiently to draw up an intelligible brief on the case he was taking care of; but last night's arguments were still claiming his attention, and finally he closed his desk, told his associates in

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the office that he was not feeling well, and started uptown on foot. He endeavored to divert himself by studying the new buildings that he passed *en route*, stopped in at Brentano's and ordered the books which Mr. Colby had recommended, and spent a half hour at Knoedler's, admiring the paintings and engravings displayed there. His dinner was taken perfunctorily, and after glancing over the evening papers, he put on his top-coat and started for Madison Avenue, determined to have it out with Alfred Drayton, whose sympathies he knew were with the anti-socialists at the dinner last evening. As he entered the house, he heard merry voices and hearty peals of laughter from the parlor. Alfred met him in the hall with a "Hallo George, my dear boy, I'm glad to see you."

"Why Alf, what's going on?" he replied, with a bewildered look. "Is this a Bridge party, or a coming out reception?"

"Neither, my dear fellow, just a chance gathering of old friends, whom you know, and who will be glad to meet you."

He was cordially greeted by every one as he entered the parlor, for Stuart was a

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favorite. Mr. and Mrs. Drayton were dining out this evening with their old friends, Dr. and Mrs. Eaton, who lived a few doors from them in the same block. Gertrude and her younger sister, Mildred, were at home, and with them were their intimate friends, Edward and Elizabeth Chapin.

"George, you are just in time to rescue me from a very embarrassing situation. These benighted young people have had the audacity to tell me that an honest lawyer is an anomaly in the present age; that our ideas of equity are based upon the question of who's got the most money—that the scales of justice with us are always weighted down with money bags. Now what do you think of that? And Miss Chapin declares, in threatening tones, that when the Suffragettes get into power, as she says they are bound to, before there is a gray hair in my head, they will send us all to coventry. Do you think, George, that I should demur in this case, or enter a plea of confession and avoidance?"

"I think, my dear boy, that that is a very ticklish question," replied Stuart. "You are treading upon dangerous ground. Your de-

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murrer would be overruled. Your plea of confession and avoidance is good, as to the first part of it; I am afraid on the second point the evidence would be against us."

"O you renegade!" shouted Drayton as the ladies applauded Stuart; "you have gone over to the enemy's camp. I see what you are aiming at; you are trying to curry favor with our future rulers. When Mrs. Pankhurst becomes Lady Chief Justice of Queen's Bench in England, and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, or some other equally distinguished leader of the Votes for Women Party, is made Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, you expect an appointment as Assistant District Attorney; or perhaps you would like to be made Clerk of the Court. I tell you, my boy, you will be disappointed; they will disbar every one of us."

"Mr. Stuart, don't pay any attention to Alfred," said Mildred; "he's a little out of sorts because we wouldn't go to the opera with him to-night to hear 'Aïda.' We heard 'Armide' Monday night, went to Mendelssohn Hall Tuesday and listened to the Kneisel Quartet, and last night we attended

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the Horse Show. Mother thinks we can afford to rest on our laurels for the balance of the week."

"Mother is right, and Mildred is right, of course," said Alfred. "But I think that inasmuch as I was not allowed to listen to Destinn and Homer and Caruso in 'Aïda' to-night, I should be permitted at least to beat somebody at a game of billiards. Come children, let us adjourn to the billiard room."

"But I want to hear Miss Gertrude play on the piano," replied Stuart, "if she will grant me the favor."

Gertrude gave him a gracious smile, which said plainly enough, "I am agreeable."

"All right; we are four without you. When you get tired of music, join us in the billiard room, and we'll make it pool."

"Miss Gertrude, I haven't enjoyed your music in a long time; may I have the pleasure?" asked Stuart, moving towards the piano, as soon as the quartet had left the room. He opened wide the parlor grand, adjusted the stool, and turned to her with a bow.

"And what shall it be to-night, Mr. Stuart?" she asked, walking to the piano.

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He took from the pile of sheet music, on top of the cabinet, Schumann's "Träumerei," and placed it on the rack before her. "There's something," he said, "that I never tire of."

"O Mr. Stuart, I don't want the notes for that. It's as familiar to me as a nursery rhyme, and when I am tired of everything else I turn to it as to a dear old friend." She struck the chords of that beautiful little reverie, and played it as if she were breathing a prayer.

Stuart remained standing at the piano, spellbound, and as she finished, exclaimed: "That's a sweet dream. Miss Gertrude, I remember very well your playing one evening last summer Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song.' The pleasant recollections of that evening have never left me. Won't you let me hear it again?"

Appearing not to notice his allusion to "that evening" — which she herself remembered very well — she replied: "Why yes, that's one of Mother's favorites; I wish I could throw into it half the expression that she does."

But George thought, as her hands ran

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over the keys with the most exquisite touch, that he had never heard more expressive music and never cared to. He stood silent for some moments after she had finished, and as she turned to him, as if to say "Well?" he gave her a look which spoke more than any words he was permitted to utter, and hurried to rummage through the music in the cabinet.

"Mr. Stuart, you will find on the top shelf there Nevin's beautiful song 'The Rosary'; I want you to sing it for me."

"On one condition, Miss Gertrude, that you will drop the 'Mr.' and call me 'George.'"

"If it will give you any pleasure, why shouldn't I, George?" And she felt a tingling sense of consciousness and embarrassment as the word escaped her lips.

With a very satisfied smile on his face Stuart placed the music on the rack before her.

"Take it, George," she said, "I don't need the notes."

She ran over the prelude gracefully, and began the accompaniment as Stuart sang:

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The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them every one apart,
My rosary, my rosary!

He had a fine tenor voice, and even the players in the billiard room stopped their game and came out into the hall to listen to him.

As he finished the last verse,

O memories that bless and burn!
O barren gain and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead, and strive at last to learn
To kiss the Cross, sweetheart, to kiss the Cross!

Gertrude dropped her hands into her lap as though some strange thought had flashed through her mind. But in a moment she turned and said, with a pleasant smile: "That was superb. George, Alfred tells me you received great applause at the club a few nights ago when you sang that dear old Irish song, 'Kathleen Mavourneen.' Won't you sing it for me? You will find it there in the volume entitled 'Songs of Ireland.'"

"Indeed I will be delighted to," he replied, "if you will join with me, Miss Gertrude, in the chorus."

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She smiled as he placed the book before her, and without looking at the notes played the air through softly. He sang:

Kathleen Mavourneen! the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is
shaking,

Kathleen Mavourneen! What slumbering still!
O hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
O hast thou forgotten this day we must part?

Here Gertrude joined him in a sweet voice.

It may be for years, and it may be forever;
O why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
It may be for years, and it may be forever;
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

Mr. and Mrs. Drayton came in while they were singing the last verse and stood for a few moments in the hall listening. As they entered the parlor, Gertrude rose from the piano and kissed her mother affectionately. Mrs. Drayton did not fail to notice that Gertrude's cheeks were flushed, and that her manner was somewhat embarrassed.

"Gertrude, where are Alfred and Mildred?" asked her mother.

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"Why Mother dear, Mr. Chapin and Bess called a little while ago, and they all went to the billiard room. George — Mr. Stuart — and I were just going to join them there."

Her mother and father continued on their way upstairs. When they were alone in their own room, Mrs. Drayton turned and said: "Well Fred, what do you think of that? And Gertrude, you noticed, spoke of Mr. Stuart as 'George.'"

"I don't like it a bit, and I am surprised at Gertrude," replied Mr. Drayton.

When the young people, after several games of pool, had said good-night, Gertrude went to her mother's room, as was her invariable custom, before going to bed. As Mrs. Drayton pressed her daughter lovingly to her heart and kissed her good-night, she gave her a look, at once full of tenderest sympathy and silent reproof. It aroused Gertrude as if from a dream. It came like a burst of sunlight upon her soul. She embraced her mother affectionately, and the sweet expression in her eyes said plainly, "Dear Mother, I am sorry; please forgive me."

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She hastened to her room, closed the door, and threw herself upon the sofa, burying her face in her hands. A flood of thoughts, both bitter and sweet, now rushed upon her mind. George Stuart loved her; she knew it as well as though he had told her so. She realized, too, that his presence and his voice had awakened in her heart a feeling to which she had heretofore been a stranger.

But while these thoughts charmed, as it were, her senses like an intoxicating perfume, other reflections forced themselves irresistibly upon her mind. George Stuart was a Socialist, and while she did not fully understand what Socialism meant, she knew that her father and her brother looked upon it as an evil to be shunned. And then she believed him to be an agnostic — she had been told he was — at least she knew he was not a Catholic, and that forbade her absolutely from encouraging any intimacy.

A sense of oppression and fear stole over her as she dwelt upon both the bright and the dark side of the picture that rose up before her, and her cheeks were now moist with tears. Turning to the crucifix which

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hung by the side of her bed, she said aloud, fervently: "My Heavenly Father, guide and help me."

With these conflicting thoughts in her mind she fell asleep, and dreamed that she was a little child kneeling at her mother's feet. She heard her own childish voice uttering the evening prayer: "Dear Jesus, have mercy upon me, and keep me from sin and temptation; sweet Mother of God, watch over and pray for me."

She awoke, but for a moment only; and falling asleep she dreamed now that she saw herself a young girl dressed in white, and wearing a white veil, as she knelt at the altar rail to receive her First Communion; and she heard distinctly the words spoken by the priest at the altar: "My dear children, never forget the lessons you have learned here; keep your hearts closed always to the wickedness of the world, and open to God, and He will bless and protect you through life." She awoke with a feeling of comfort and peace in her soul.

But now she turned her face away, towards the wall, and again she slept. And in her dreams she was out upon a

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stormy sea, in a small boat. Some one was with her, but in the darkness of the night she could not distinguish his face. The wind and the waves became more and more threatening, and she realized that her companion was unable to manage the boat. Suddenly she felt that they were being dashed upon the rocks. She lifted her hands to heaven and cried out: "Help, help! O save us, or we are lost!" And in another instant she felt herself clasped in the arms of her mother.

"My dear child, what is the matter? Are you ill?" asked Mrs. Drayton, drawing Gertrude close to her, and stroking her face gently.

"O Mother dear, no," replied Gertrude. "It was only a bad dream. It's all over now. I will never venture again on such a sea."

Mrs. Drayton, deeming it unadvisable to question Gertrude to-night about the subject of her painful dreams, helped her to bed as quickly as possible, and sat near her until she saw that she was sleeping quietly.

IX

A Riot of Radicalism

STUART had enjoyed his evening at the Draytons' immensely, but he had not accomplished the main purpose of his visit to Madison Avenue. The table-talk at the Club the previous evening rankled in his mind, and he had determined that his friend Alfred should listen to the other side on the merits of the question. A special meeting had been announced for Sunday evening at one of the Socialist halls, on East Eighty-fourth Street. "Distinguished" speakers were expected to address the comrades on that occasion, and it was hoped that a large attendance would be present to welcome these "eminent" gentlemen. Stuart and Villard had both received a note of invitation from Eckhart, as the meeting was to be held under the auspices of the I.W.W. Stuart revolved in his

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mind the question whether this would be a suitable occasion to invite Alfred Drayton to hear the scientific principles of Socialism discussed. He remembered that the Industrial Workers were the most radical element of the Socialist Party and were bent on waging a war of destruction upon modern society, regardless of the weapons employed; but he recalled, too, that some of the members of that branch of the party were able exponents of the fundamental doctrines of Socialism and brilliant speakers, and that their excesses were only the exaggerated outbursts of overzealous partisans. He noticed also that a footnote on the printed invitation said: "The speakers this evening will be glad to listen to any objections that may be raised, and to answer any questions." He decided therefore to invite his friend Drayton to attend the meeting with him. Calling him up on the phone he spoke enthusiastically of the delightful visit he had enjoyed the night before, and then proposed the trip to Eighty-fourth Street Sunday evening, where he assured Alfred he might hear some good Socialist doctrine from competent speakers.

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"Why certainly, George," replied Drayton, "it will give me a great deal of pleasure to go with you. You know I always like to hear both sides of a question."

"Good, Alf, I like to hear you talk that way. Well, meet me at the Club Sunday evening at 6 o'clock; we'll dine early and go around to hear what the Marxian philosophers have to say."

"All right, George, I'll be there."

Stuart at once sent a note to Eckhart, saying that he expected to attend the meeting Sunday evening, and if agreeable he would bring his friend Drayton with him. The messenger returned shortly with a reply in which Eckhart said: "Glad to know your capitalist friend will honor us with his presence. He will hear some red-hot stuff that may shock his æsthetic nerves."

This puzzled and worried Stuart somewhat. He had acquired his knowledge of Socialism chiefly from books, philosophical and historic, and although he had occasionally visited the rooms of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, of which he was a member, and listened to a debate on social questions, and had been present at one or

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two lectures at the Rand School of Social Science, he had never attended a political meeting of the Socialist Party. He was ready to believe, therefore, that on this occasion the theories which had appealed so strongly to him would be set forth in convincing language, and all possible objections would be satisfactorily disposed of. The "red-hot stuff" that Eckhart spoke of troubled him, nevertheless, and he began to wonder whether, after all, at the Sunday night meeting arguments would be presented that might satisfactorily meet the objections to Socialism that had been raised at the dinner, Wednesday evening, at the Club. However, he determined now to see the thing through and make the best of it.

Drayton and Stuart dined together, according to agreement, at 6 o'clock Sunday evening at the University Club, and at 7.30 presented themselves at the Socialist headquarters on East Eighty-fourth Street. Eckhart met them as they entered the hall, and after a few words of greeting, introduced them to three of his friends who stood near him. They were Robert Hawkins, Joe Levy, and Terence Farrelly. They all scrutinized

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Drayton suspiciously—a fact which did not escape the latter's attention—and he felt intuitively, as he afterwards told his friends, that they looked upon him as an enemy.

The meeting was called to order by Eckhart, and after a few preliminary remarks, congratulating the comrades upon the rapid growth being made by the organization of I.W.W., as well as upon the efficient aid they had given the drivers and helpers of the express companies, in their strike, he introduced, as the first speaker of the evening, a tall man with a bald head, smooth face, prominent ears, and piercing gray eyes. He stood for a moment glancing over his audience with a stern, determined look, as though he had a very important message to deliver. It was evident, soon after he began his address, that he was a ready speaker and possessed a liberal vocabulary. A few sentences from his speech, which Villard took down in short-hand, will give a good general idea of the whole.

“To speak of liberty in such a system as we are living under is a mockery. One class of the community get the profits, grow rich, live in palaces, ride in yachts, gamble

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at Monte Carlo, drink champagne, choose judges, buy editors, hire preachers, corrupt politics, build universities, endow libraries, patronize churches, get the gout, preach morals, and bequeath the earth to their lineal descendants. The other class do the work, early and late, in heat and cold; they sweat and groan and bleed and die. They build the mills and all the machinery; they man the plant; and the thing of stone begins to throb. They live far away in the outskirts, in cottages just this side of the hovels, where gaunt famine walks with despair, and *les misérables* leer and mock at civilization. When the mills 'shut down, they are out of work, and out of food, and out of home. And when old age begins to steal away their vigor and the step is no longer agile, nor the sinew strong, nor the hand cunning; when the frame begins to bend and quiver, and the eyes to grow dim, and they are no longer fit as labor power to make profit for their masters, they are pushed aside into the human drift that empties into the gulf of despair and death."

Stuart joined mildly in the applause which greeted this turgid style of oratory, while

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Drayton turned and whispered to him: "A bit frothy, don't you think so?"

The next speaker was a stocky fellow, with large features and almond-shaped eyes, which much of the time were downcast, but when raised looked out with a sort of suspicious, doubting expression, as though he expected some one was going to criticise what he said. But he aroused the enthusiasm of his hearers when he said:

"Instead of making peace with the capitalist whenever it can, class unionism fights the capitalist whenever it can. The revolutionary industrial union is ever active, always fighting. Action against exploitation requires agitation, publicity, strikes, boycotts, political force — all the elements and expressions of discontent. Discontent is life. It impels to action. Contentment means stagnation and death.

"The workers are massing in the I.W.W. and are acting for themselves. Such self-assurance has struck terror to the hearts of wily politicians, lazy labor leaders, and greedy capitalists alike. 'We have been your slaves, your tools, your stepping-stones to power,' they exclaim. 'We have

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been meek, dumb, driven cattle. We know your true worth now, Gompers, Kirby, De Leon, Berger. You have mocked us in our agony. We despise your hypocrisy. The fight is on! On with the fight! We are the revolution!

"Workers of the world, unite! You have nothing but your chains to lose! You have a world to gain!"¹

The next speaker was a foreigner, who had evidently been anxiously awaiting his turn. He was what Mr. Heffernan would call a "windjammer."² Villard had some difficulty in following him, but succeeded in taking down the following threatening passages.

"We have the ballot now, which they didn't have when the proletariat taught capitalism its first lesson in France. We have the ballot and we intend to use it; but let them beware! If the ballot fails us, there are lamp posts still; good, sturdy lamp posts that could be easily ornamented

¹ See words of Wm. D. Haywood in his "Industrial Socialism," and in the *International Socialist Review*, Sept. 1912, pp. 246-7.

² See an interesting article by Mr. John A. Heffernan in *The Common Cause* for October 1912, p. 343.

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with fat, overfed bodies of many a capitalist. And why not? They gave us their panics and starved us. They dealt out death! Why shouldn't we give them pikes, and bombs, and bullets for their starvation, if we have to do it! If, when the labor party is victorious, as it will be, in every State in these United States, on some near election day, we find them at their old tricks, cheating us out of our victory, robbing us of all we have fought for, if they go to this extreme — and history warns us they will go to any extreme — let them be held back by the thought of the lantern of the Town Hall of Paris! Let them beware! Let them beware!"

The last speaker, a cadaverous looking genius, with long hair, and deep sunken eyes, was decidedly sensational. As he walked up and down the stage, swinging his arms, he might be taken for a "crushed tragedian." Throwing his head back, and speaking solemnly, he said:

"Sons of the revolution are the hope of the human race. Palliative measures are useless. There can be no truce in the class war. The man who has money is your

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enemy. He is enjoying the fruit of your labor. He has not paid for it in toil, which is the only currency that bears the stamp of justice. He is spending in the gratification of his desires, the satisfaction of his appetites, the ministration to his sense of luxury, the money that has been taken out of the toiler in the mines, of the slave woman wearing out her life at the looms, of the child whose tender body is bound to the rack of labor, and whose chance of life is denied by capitalism. We who work and who recognize the lines of this warfare, must fight without mercy. There can be no compromise. Ownership of property is pure theft, and the thief must be destroyed. Socialists must remember that nothing is criminal, nothing reprehensible, which makes for the revolution, nothing to be condemned which is done in the cause of human justice. Every weapon that comes to hand must be used. Those who rob the weak must be punished, as other murderers are punished. The debt of tears must be settled in blood. That is the lesson that capital needs."

As soon as the applause which was given

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this last speaker had subsided, Eckhart rose and inquired whether any member of the association had any questions to ask, or whether any gentleman present had any objections to raise. As he concluded his question, he gave Drayton a sinister look which implied a challenge. The latter hesitated a moment, then rising in his place said: "Mr. Chairman —"

"Platform, platform!" cried out several.

As Drayton started to go forward, Stuart caught his arm and whispered: "Be careful; there are a lot of ugly looking fellows in the room. Don't antagonize them more than you have to."

"All right, old man," he replied, "I'll be prudent — and game, too, if necessary."

Eckhart shook hands with him as he reached the platform, and turning to the audience, said: "Gentlemen, it is my pleasant duty to introduce to you this evening an avowed enemy of Socialism, Mr. Alfred Drayton, of this City." He bowed, and turning hastily left the platform, and walked to the rear of the hall.

Drayton was somewhat disconcerted by this unceremonious proceeding, especially as

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he noticed that the chairman picked up his hat from the table as he went off.

However, he determined to make the best of the strange situation in which he found himself. Walking to the front of the stage, and surveying his audience with a pleasant smile on his face, he said:

"Gentlemen, I would have been better pleased if your chairman had introduced me to you as a friend of the working man; for such I am — a personal friend of every man in this hall — an earnest, sincere, personal friend of all the working people of the country.

"There is, to be sure, much truth, much serious matter for reflection in what has been said by the speakers here this evening. But — I am compelled to add — there is also a great deal of error. No sane man is blind to the evils that have been so graphically described; no generous human heart but that sympathizes with the unfortunate victims of these distressing conditions. Thousands upon thousands of the best, the purest and noblest of the human race, men and women, have struggled with the great problem of the betterment of their fellow-

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men. And let me say, great things have been accomplished in this generation, and are being accomplished to-day, for the uplift of the unfortunate and suffering members of society.

“But now there is presented to us a scheme which proposes to reform, or rather to regenerate society; to abolish poverty, social and political inequality, and to eradicate all the ills that have afflicted humanity for thousands of years. I do not question the motives that have prompted this scheme, or the sincerity of those who are urging its adoption with so much zeal. But it becomes us all as practical men to consider well any proposition which promises so much, before committing ourselves to its support. Does it ever occur to you that perhaps the zeal of the advocates of Socialism may sometimes outrun their judgment? Is it not possible that a spirit of fanaticism may blind their reason? Do you weigh the questions presented to you calmly in the light of your own good common-sense? It has been asserted here to-night that capital and labor are essentially antagonistic; that the working man should respect

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no law that protects the capitalist in his property rights. 'Instead of making peace with the capitalist whenever it can, class unionism,' we are told, 'fights the capitalist whenever it can.' Does this doctrine commend itself to your intelligent judgment, or to your moral sense of right and justice?

"Gentlemen, who are the capitalists? Three fourths of them, at least, were working men like yourselves a few years ago. Whether it was their industry and thrift, or their business ability, or the extraordinary opportunities that chanced to fall in their way, at least they have not wasted their substance. And what have they done, and what are they doing to-day, to incur the animosity of so many of their fellow-citizens? Why, they have built your railroads, which have developed the country in all directions, and enhanced the value of every square rod of land within fifty miles of these highways of commerce."

"No," cried out a voice in the rear, "the working men built the roads!" and the sally was greeted with applause and loud whistling.

Drayton recognized the speaker, although

he apparently tried to conceal himself behind two or three companions near him.

"Mr. Hawkins," he replied, pointing his finger and addressing his remarks directly to the interrupter, "it requires something more than a pick and shovel and brawn to build a railroad." Then turning to the other side of the room, he continued: "They have established the great manufacturing plants of the country, and equipped them with modern machinery, producing hundreds of millions, in value, of merchandise — iron, steel, cotton, wool, agricultural implements, steam and electrical machinery, etc. — supplying our own domestic wants, and enriching the country through the channels of foreign commerce."

"And enriching themselves by robbing the laboring man of half the product of his labor!" called out another voice in the rear; and the remark again elicited some applause from the audience.

"Mr. Levy," replied Drayton — for he recognized in his second interrupter another one of the trio whom he had met earlier in the evening — "your rash statement merely calls attention to one of the absurd falla-

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cies of Socialism, the idea that because the employé receives only 50 per cent of the exchange value of the product of his labor, the other half goes to the employer."

"Then who gets it?" asked a man near the door, whom Drayton recognized as the third member of the party who had been introduced to him by Eckhart — Terence Farrelly.

"Any tyro in economic science, any assistant bookkeeper in an industrial establishment will tell you, sir, that the employer, or capitalist, gets a very small portion of that other half, that other 50 per cent of the value of the product. The raw material which is placed in the hands of the worker absorbs generally the greater part of it; the fixed charges, covering office expenses, commissions, insurance, repairs of buildings and machinery, interest on investment, loss incurred through bad debts, and many other items, make large inroads on it, so that little, if any, is left to the employer. Many a capitalist never gets back what he invests in these enterprises. A prosperous concern, in good times, may declare a dividend of from 6 to 12 per cent on the money invested

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— not on the value of the product turned out; and they are doing well if they can do that. And who is the capitalist, the recipient of this 6 or 12 per cent dividend? Capitalist in this case spells hundreds of thousands who have invested their earnings, or the earnings of a deceased parent or husband, in one of these industrial enterprises; and many an orphan, many a widow, many an invalid, who has contributed his share to the world's riches, but is no longer able to take an active part in the battle of life, is dependent upon the good management of the railroad, the mine, the factory, the bank, for the necessities of life.

“Do you imagine that your Socialist leaders, men elected for a brief term by popular vote, men without business experience or executive ability, could successfully undertake the management of these great industrial and financial institutions? Destroy the work of generations of brilliant, industrious, conservative men, confiscate these great pioneers and supports of modern commercial activity, abolish all private ownership in the means of production and

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distribution, reduce all the members of society to a common level, crush out all incentive, all ambition to rise above the great mass of incompetent or indolent men; and then, gentlemen — and then what? You will have accomplished the revolution.”

“Hurrah for the revolution! Down with capitalism!” was yelled from several parts of the hall.

Stepping forward to the edge of the platform, and raising his voice he continued: “And you will drag society down to a state of degradation of which you have no conception.”

“Boo, boo!” was yelled from all parts of the hall.

But Drayton was now thoroughly aroused. Drawing back a step and surveying the howling mob before him with a look of contempt, he raised his voice defiantly and called out: “Socialism is an absurd dream which, thank God, can never be realized in an intelligent community!”

“It’s a lie, a d—d lie!” was hurled back at him by the angry crowd as they rose to their feet.

Drayton again stepped to the front of the

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platform, and shaking his fist above his head, continued in tones that could be heard above the disturbance in every part of the hall: "And you men haven't the moral courage to listen to the truth!"

The cry was now, "Put him out, put him out!" and there was a rush towards the stage.

Folding his arms quietly, Drayton stood erect with a determined look on his face, awaiting the attack. A dozen men made their way up the steps, and at their head he recognized the three who had interrupted him during his remarks. The house was now a howling bedlam. A few cool-headed men stood on the benches and tried to quiet the angry mob; more of them continued to hurl their denunciations and curses at the speaker, and some yelled out: "Lynch the d—d capitalist!"

As Joe Levy and Terence Farrelly rushed upon Drayton, and seizing him by the arms attempted to drag him from the stage, he called out contemptuously to them: "You are a pack of cowards!" His remark was answered by a vicious blow from Hawkins, which knocked him senseless to the floor.

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A young man whose acquaintance we made last Monday evening at a meeting of the executive committee of the I.W.W., Thomas Connors—the “inner guard” of the council chamber—had entered the hall to-night while the speaking was going on, and, as the room was crowded, had remained standing in the rear. This gave him a better opportunity of seeing who was present, and of observing just what was going on, which was his purpose in attending the meeting. As soon as the disturbance began, and he heard the cry “Hurrah for the revolution, down with capitalism!” he left the hall quietly, hurried over to the Avenue, and summoned two policemen, whom his whistle brought to the corner of Eighty-fourth Street. They hastened to the hall, and were hurrying up the stairs, when the disgraceful scene on the stage occurred. At that moment there was a cry from the rear of the hall: “Cops—beat it!” and the lights were turned out.

It might be mentioned incidentally here—just to keep the historical record straight—that the man who extinguished the lights was the individual who really initiated and

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directed all the movements on this occasion, without for one moment appearing himself in the lime light — Benjamin Eckhart.

When the rush was made for the stage, George Stuart sprang forward determined to protect his friend against any assault. But he was jostled and held back by the crowd, and before he could reach the spot where Drayton stood, the blow was struck, the lights were turned off, and a rush was made in the dark for the door. Stuart was knocked down and trampled upon by the crowd who were now trying to escape. The policemen were held back by the crowd making their way in the dark downstairs, and when they reached the second floor, the hall was practically empty. Connors turned on the lights, revealing a scene of topsy-turvy disorder in the room. He himself kept out of sight as much as possible, as it was important for him that his identity should not be discovered. The benches were overturned and several of them smashed, and the policemen had to pick their way to the stage.

Stuart had sufficiently recovered from his rough treatment to reach the spot where

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Drayton lay unconscious, and he was bending over the prostrate form of his friend, when the officers reached them. The situation was explained by Stuart as briefly as possible, a carriage was provided—it had been ordered by the vigilant Connors, who saw that it would probably be needed—and Drayton was driven, still unconscious, to his home on Madison Avenue.

It was nothing worse than a slight concussion of the brain, as Dr. Eaton explained; and towards morning Gertrude, who sat watching by her brother's bedside, heard him mumble the words, "You are a pack of cowards." They sounded pleasantly in her ears, for they assured her that her brother was regaining his consciousness, and revealed to her moreover something of what had happened. Later he was up and about the house, and insisted that he was "all right."

X

Conference of the Detectives

WHILE the family were at breakfast the following morning, the early mail was brought in and handed to Mr. Frederick Drayton. As he glanced over the pile he drew out a letter, which he evidently recognized, and handed it to Alfred, who sat on his left. "There is something which I am sure will interest you," he said.

Alfred looked at the envelope, and turning to his mother asked: "Mother, will you excuse me if I open this letter at the table? I am curious to know the contents."

"Certainly, my dear boy," she replied with a smile that indicated her pleasure at his thoughtfulness.

He took the letter out and threw the envelope across the table to Gertrude. His father eyed him closely as he read, and then inquired: "Satisfactory?"

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"Entirely so," he replied.

"Mother, I should tell you that the day after Patrick McGrath was injured in the boiler works of Jones & Brewster, I wrote the firm a letter, as Mrs. McGrath's lawyer, referring to the accident that had happened, and saying that I was sure they would be willing to provide for his family while McGrath was unable to work. And I asked them to let me hear from them. A representative of the firm called at my office the same day, and asked me what I thought they ought to do. I told him that the least they could offer, it seemed to me, would be to continue his wages of eighteen dollars a week, during his enforced idleness, and to pay his doctor's bill. Their agent was very polite, and said that he would lay the matter with my suggestion before his principals. This letter which I have just received tells me that they think my proposition entirely reasonable. They enclose their check for thirty-six dollars, as there were a week's wages due him when the accident happened, and say they will send me his weekly wages, while he is laid up, and will be ready to pay his doctor's bill, whenever I send it to them."

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"That don't look as though the capitalists were so hard-hearted, does it?" remarked his father.

"It will be a perfect godsend to poor Mrs. McGrath," said Gertrude. "I have just been talking with a little boy in the kitchen, whom she sent around to tell me that her baby is quite ill, and that she would like very much to see me. I am going around there immediately after breakfast, and I am glad that I can give her this good news."

"O Gertrude!" exclaimed Mildred, "you don't mean to say that you are going into one of those foul tenements, where there is perhaps smallpox, or measles, or some other contagious disease for you to get?"

"I am sure, Mildred, Mrs. McGrath would not ask me to go if there were smallpox or measles there."

"Gertrude, I will go with you," said Alfred. "I want to give her this money, and make arrangements with her for future payments."

As soon as possible after breakfast they drove around to East Thirtieth Street on their errand of charity. Mrs. McGrath was expecting Gertrude, and gave them both a

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warm welcome. The younger boy, three years old, had had an attack of croup during the night, which greatly alarmed the mother. Kind neighbors had come in and instructed her in the use of the old-fashioned remedies of goose grease and wet bandage applications about the throat; and now the little fellow was sleeping quietly on his cot. Gertrude promised to send her some medicines that would be useful in case he suffered another attack. When Alfred read to her the letter he had received from Jones & Brewster, and placed thirty-six dollars in her hand, the good woman almost collapsed; her eyes filled with tears, and Gertrude thought — so she told her mother afterwards — that she was going to throw her arms around Alfred's neck. She told them a man by the name of Thomas Connors had called the evening before to inquire about Mr. McGrath, and to learn how the family were getting on. He said that he was a member of Patrick's society, the I.W.W.; that he had tried to get the organization to assist the family while the poor man was in the hospital, unable to do anything for his wife and children. The leaders told

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him, he said, that it was impossible; that all the money they could raise was being used for the promotion of International Socialism, which they considered of more importance than the life of any one man, or the relief of any suffering family. Connors himself, however, had slipped a dollar bill into her hand as he was leaving, and told her he would come around later to see how they were getting along.

Alfred left Gertrude with Mrs. McGrath, while he drove up to Flower Hospital, to find out how Patrick was doing, and to tell him of the good news from his employers.

While this interesting little episode was transpiring in the upper part of the city, a meeting of a very different character was taking place down in the private office of the Chief of the Detective Bureau, at Police Headquarters. The participants in the conference were, Wm. Flynn, the Chief, Buck Horton and Dan Simmons — two of the best detectives at that time in the department — and Jack Hogan.

"Now Hogan," said the Chief, "let us understand this perfectly. The affair comes off Wednesday, a half hour after midnight?"

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"Fair weather or foul," replied Hogan.

"Listen Horton," said the officer, "this is your end of the line."

"James Morgan, or Max Goldberg, or both of them, will enter the Express Building at a quarter past twelve," continued Connors, "whether on the Twenty-third or Twenty-fourth Street side will depend upon circumstances, but probably on Twenty-fourth Street — with two bombs, each having a ten-minute fuse. They will place these under the stairway on the Twenty-third Street side, within a few feet of each other; and they expect to get out of the building one minute after applying the match. The other members of the executive committee, including myself, will be at headquarters on Second Avenue, at 12 o'clock, to await results."

"How many men will be at headquarters?" asked the chief.

"Let me see," replied Hogan; "there are — besides Ben Eckhart, the president — Terence Farrelly, Walter Nash, Joe Levy, Nick Bradley, and myself, six of us altogether."

"Horton," said the officer, "you will want

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four good men with you on Twenty-third Street. I will see that you have them. Look the ground over carefully, and be under cover near by with your men at eleven thirty, Wednesday night. Simmons, you will need eight picked men — stalwart dare-devils — and I will have them here in this room, ready to start with you at eleven o'clock. Hogan will give you particulars as to how you are to make your way into the hall. Don't let a man escape alive. This is important work you have on your hands. Do your duty, both of you. Hogan, take off your whiskers, and let these Sherlocks see just how you look when you are among the uninitiated."

He whirled about on his heels, after the fashion of a character delineator on the stage, manipulated himself for the space of perhaps twenty seconds, and when he faced about the Chief said: "Gentlemen, I take pleasure in introducing to you Mr. Thomas Connors, member of the executive committee of the I.W.W."

"Good," said Horton, "good."

"We'll know you all right next time we see you, Connors," said Simmons, "whether

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you are in the council chamber, or on Fifth Avenue."

Connors acknowledged their compliments, and the conference adjourned subject to call.

XI

Nipped in the Bud

WEDNESDAY night, November 23, 1910, was clear and the temperature mild for the season. The moon rose at a quarter before twelve, casting a sheen of silvery light across the East River, and lighting up the few feathery clouds that streaked the Eastern sky. The streets and avenues, that had been filled during the evening with gay throngs of theatre goers and late diners, were now almost deserted, a few belated ones and idlers, only, strolling leisurely homeward, enjoying the air and quiet of midnight.

Horton had inspected the field of his operations thoroughly and laid his plans carefully. The Twenty-third Street side of the U. S. Express Building has three stories, and it was here, on the upper floor, as he learned, that the strike breakers were quar-

tered. The stairway was at this end of the building. Opposite the entrance was a barber shop and a cheap restaurant. He arranged with the proprietor of the tonsorial parlor to allow three of his men to occupy seats at the front window Wednesday night, after lights were turned out, alleging very confidentially as his purpose, that he expected the arrival of a party on the Pennsylvania Railroad at twelve fifteen, and wanted to be on the lookout for them. Needless to say, he paid well for the privilege. The Twenty-fourth Street side of the Express Building has but two stories, and here the heavy teams enter, through two large doorways, to deliver and receive their freight, or to be stored when not in use. Just east of the building, separating it from a livery stable, is a blind alley, exactly the spot for a detective's retreat. But Horton, after looking the situation over, decided that this might be just the place which the dynamiters would select as their cache. He had therefore obtained permission from Moore Brothers, whose lumber yards are directly opposite the Express Building, to stand inside of their large gate with two of

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his men. His arrangements were all carried out quietly and in good time. At midnight three men were thus stationed on each street.

A few minutes later Horton saw two men of shabby appearance, each having a market basket on his arm, sauntering down the street. "There they come, boys," he whispered to his companions. The two men, on the south side of the street, stopped in front of the open doorway, and after a little hesitation walked in.

"What do you want?" asked one of the three or four men who were working, cleaning the big express wagons.

"Would you buy a few apples from us, sir?" asked one of the innocent fellows. "I have the finest eating apples in New York. Bill and I have to cross the ferry to Hoboken yet to-night, and I'll give you three for five cents," said the pedler, as he held up a superb red Spitzenberg.

The workmen approached him curiously. "Pretty good looking apples, Joe," said one of them.

"I'll give you a nickel for six of them," said Joe, as he handled the luscious looking fruit in the basket.

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"They are worth five cents apiece," replied the pedler.

"Are there any of your men in the office in front that would know good apples when they saw them?" asked the other stranger.

"You might find the watchman there; but I think he's gone upstairs."

"The fellow moved towards the Twenty-third Street end of the building, as the first clever pedler took from his basket four of his largest apples and said: "I'll make it four."

"You'll not, then," replied Joe; "it's six or nothing."

"Don't be hard on a poor man," insisted the faker. "I'll give you five; there now, take them." He was ready to give his whole basket for nothing, if only he could hold the attention of these workmen, and keep them about him for another minute. "I have some fine bananas here, and will give you six of them for a nickel."

The men drew near to see what they looked like. "Oh take the apples," said one of them. "He'll give you the six." And Joe began to pick out what he wanted.

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He took six and offered the pedler a nickel. Seeing his comrade approaching, he accepted the coin with apparent reluctance.

Hawkins — for he it was — as soon as he got out of the sight of the workmen, lost no time in reaching the stairway on the Twenty-third Street side, under which he deposited the two bombs that he had carried in his basket, applied a match to the fuse of each, and hurried back as quickly as possible, lest he should be discovered. "Not a soul in the office," he said as he approached the laughing group, "except the cat, and the door is locked."

The two pedlers started together towards Twenty-fourth Street. As they passed out of the doorway, each of them found himself clasped suddenly in the arms of a stalwart policeman, and their hands held closely together, in spite of their struggles to release themselves, while the steel bracelets were snapped quickly about their wrists by Horton, and they were both led back into the building.

"Show me quickly where you have placed those bombs," Horton shouted, as they were hurried past the astonished workmen,

"or you will be blown to hell yourselves in less than ten minutes!"

He led the way rapidly, for he realized there was no time to lose. Using his flash light as he reached the southern end of the building, he discovered the two bombs, just as he had expected, under the stairway, and the burning fuse was dangerously near the ball when he stamped upon both of them. Satisfying himself that no fire was left to cause explosion, he packed them into the basket in which Hawkins had carried them, and departed with the two crestfallen fruit peddlers for headquarters.

In the meantime Simmons and his "eight picked men" were hovering about the vicinity of Second Avenue and Fourteenth Street, walking in pairs and noting carefully any new arrivals at the little hall-door adjoining the liquor saloon. At twelve thirty sharp Simmons halted in front of this entrance, and was immediately joined by his associates. They entered at once and walked very quietly upstairs and to the rear of the hall.

"Now men," whispered Simmons, "our game is behind that door; away with it!"

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For about six seconds there was something very much like a cane rush at Yale, and the door went down, admitting the invaders to the anteroom of the council chamber.

"Come on men!" cried out Simmons as he pounded at the inner door.

The lights within had been turned down at the first crash in the outer hall, and now the "inner guard," Thomas Connors, opening the slide called out, "Who comes?"

"Officers of the law," replied Simmons; "open quickly, or we shall force an entrance."

Connors drew back the iron bolt and threw the door open. As he did so, the flash lights of half a dozen policemen's dark lanterns were thrown into the chamber, blinding the eyes and paralyzing the arms of the conspirators, who were gathered near the door. Eckhart, who stood in front of his men, fired his revolver through the open door; but his ball went wild. It was instantly followed by a shot from Simmons' gun, which struck Eckhart's shoulder and sent him in a heap to the floor.

"Hold up your hands, every one of you," called out Simmons, "or you'll bite the

dust like this man!" Every hand went up. "Turn on the lights!" Connors obeyed the order.

"Now men, search them carefully, take their guns, put on the wristlets, and face them to the wall."

As soon as he saw them—there were five, including Connors—thus properly taken care of, he hastened out to summon an ambulance for Eckhart, and to call the "Black Maria" from headquarters, to carry away the comrades. Eckhart went to Bellevue, his associates to Mott Street, where Hawkins and Goldberg had already preceded them.

When Eckhart had sufficiently recovered, on Thursday, from the effects of the anæsthetic which had been administered to him the previous night, and realized his situation, he enquired from the hospital physician who was attending him, what had happened last night on Twenty-third Street.

"Why nothing serious, my dear boy; nobody hurt; two fellows who had planted bombs in the U. S. Express Building were arrested, and their diabolical work interrupted just in season to save a good many

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lives, and prevent the destruction of an immense amount of property."

"And where are the two fellows?" asked Eckhart.

"In the Tombs," replied the doctor, "where I suspect they are likely to remain until they are given a free pass to Sing Sing."

Eckhart turned his head on the pillow and murmured to himself: "Nipped in the bud. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

The doctor did not tell him that a policeman outside was only waiting for him to be sufficiently convalescent, to place him under arrest and take him to the same gloomy resort.

XII

Socialism and Christianity

ON the same day that the events recorded in the last chapter occurred, Alfred Drayton received a note from his friend and fellow-clubman, Bayard S. Colby, as follows:

MY DEAR DRAYTON, — A few evenings ago, after our delightful soirée at the Club, you dismissed your guests with the very kindly suggestion that the meeting was “adjourned subject to the call of the Chair,” adding that you would “call us together again just as soon as circumstances would permit.” I would not for the world trespass upon the prerogatives of the Chair, but I am sure you will pardon me if I “rise to a question of privilege,” and ask you and the other friends who participated in our symposium of last week, to dine with me next Sunday evening at the Club. Mr. Parkman and Mr. Morton will be with us, and I am writing a note this morning to our friend, Mr. Stuart, to join us that evening. I have not Mr. Villard’s address. Would you kindly present

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my compliments to him, with a cordial invitation to be with us Sunday?

Very sincerely yours,

BAYARD S. COLBY

MR. ALFRED DRAYTON

The friendly summons was met in a responsive spirit by all to whom it came, and Sunday evening, the twenty-seventh, saw the same genial companions gathered around the dinner table at the University Club. Full justice was done to the excellent menu, the conversation was general, and many good things were said. But our interest now is concerned chiefly with the post-prandial talk.

As soon as the coffee was poured, and cigars lighted, Mr. Colby, who sat this evening at the head of the table, said: "Gentlemen, ten days ago we enjoyed a delightful séance in this same room, and our genial host on that occasion was our friend Mr. Alfred Drayton. When the lateness of the hour compelled us to say good-night, Mr. Drayton's parting words were, 'I shall simply declare this meeting adjourned, subject to the call of the Chair.' It may seem to you that I have infringed

somewhat upon the prerogatives of the Chair — a thousand pardons, Mr. Drayton — but now that you have so generously responded to my invitation, I am going to suggest, if agreeable to you, that we resume where we left off ten days ago. If my memory serves me right, Mr. Stuart had the call. At least I had a scrupulous feeling, when I bade you all good-night, that I had interrupted a remark he was about to make. Mr. Stuart, will you kindly take up the thread where it was broken by our adjournment?"

"Mr. Colby, I should be glad to do so," replied Stuart, "but — circumstances alter cases. I cannot exactly say that I have seen the light, for, more correctly speaking, I have really been groping in the dark the past few days. I have been delving into some of the books you were kind enough to recommend to me, with the result that my faith in Socialism has been, I will not say quite upset, but rudely shaken. And what has perhaps opened my eyes still more, or at least has made a painful impression on my mind, just at this juncture, is what has actually happened in this city during the

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past week. I refer in the first place to a meeting of the I.W.W. on East Eighty-fourth Street, which I attended last Sunday evening, with my friends Mr. Drayton and Mr. Villard. You have heard of the disgraceful proceedings which took place at that meeting. In the second place, I have in mind the diabolical conspiracy hatched in the councils of this same branch of the Socialist Party, to blow up the United States Express Building on Twenty-third Street; which, if successful, would have cost many lives, and destroyed an immense amount of property. If the spirit which actuated the leaders in both of these instances reflects at all the character of Socialism, I shall certainly have to revise my creed."

"It seems to me, George, that's a rather hasty conclusion to come to," interposed Villard. "The proceedings at the Eighty-fourth Street meeting were certainly outrageous. The treatment which our friend, Mr. Drayton, received that night was a crime and a disgrace, and should be punished as such. But there are bad elements in every party, and it seems to me hardly fair to blame Socialism for the sins of a few of

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its adherents. If the fellows who precipitated the disgraceful scenes Sunday night on Eighty-fourth Street are the same who attempted to destroy the Express Building, they are criminals, and should be sent to State's prison, of course."

"But Herman, forgetting for the moment the fiendish attempt to kill and destroy, for which the miscreants are now in jail awaiting trial, and passing over the fact that three of these dynamiters were the very men whom you and I saw making a personal attack on Alfred Drayton at the meeting, the speakers that evening were well-known leaders and men of prominence in the councils of the Socialist Party. I have never heard them speak before, but I have read many excerpts from their writings, and regarded them as authorities upon Socialist doctrines. Their speeches Sunday evening were calculated to inflame the passions of their hearers and stir them to the worst excesses. Now it don't seem to me that that is the proper way to educate people in what I regard as the true doctrines of Socialism."

"Well, George, I didn't myself altogether

approve of their speeches," replied Villard. "But after all it was only the exaggerated expression of their indignation at the wrongs suffered by the working people, and the heartless treatment they have always received from capitalism. It is difficult to speak calmly, or to use polite language when dealing with the subject."

There was silence for a few moments as they all sipped their coffee and puffed vigorously at their cigars.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Colby, "if you will allow me, I think I can, in a measure, explain or account for the antagonism which is felt by so many of the laboring class against capitalists. Those of us who have studied, as I have for many years, the actual conditions existing in modern society, have been painfully impressed by the dire poverty and want, and the consequent suffering — and often immorality — prevalent among a large portion of the community. We know but too well that in the majority of cases it is absolutely impossible for the common laboring class — toil and wear out their lives as they will — to procure for themselves and their families what the more

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fortunate classes regard as the essential comforts of life. On the one hand we see unlimited abundance of creature comforts; on the other we find dire poverty and distress. The natural result is that those who are in want look with suspicion and antipathy upon those who are in affluent circumstances; and the poor are easily persuaded to believe that their misfortunes have been brought upon them by the selfishness and injustice of the rich. And here the Socialist finds a fertile field for his operations, where he can preach the doctrine of discontent and class antagonism.

“The work of social reform is a work of construction, not of destruction, a task that can be successfully undertaken only by generous, broad-minded men and women, whose actions are prompted by something higher and nobler than gross materialism, not by utopian dreamers, or selfish demagogues.

“Socialism has attracted, broadly speaking, two classes of men. The first are those who, witnessing the misery of so many of their fellow-beings, and carried away by the utopian promises of this false philosophy,

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advocate a radical change in the whole social fabric, under the belief, apparently, that no effective reform can be accomplished on conservative lines, while the present system of class rule, as they call it, is allowed to exist. The majority of these people, I think, are honest and sincere in their beliefs. But they are wofully impractical and visionary, blind leaders of the blind, and you know what that leads to. Like the unskilled mariner they would make their escape from the waves of the deep sea by steering their craft upon the hidden rocks of shallow waters. They would seek to free themselves from the trammels of class inequalities by rushing into the unknown dangers of communism and anarchy.

“The other class is made up largely of the discontented, the envious, the ne’er-dowells, or failures in life, financially, politically, and socially, as well as the uneducated, hopelessly ignorant elements in the community, who haven’t the inclination or the brains to think out the real causes of their misfortunes, or to inquire into any practical methods of improvement. They are generally led by selfish, mercenary demagogues

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who have capitalized the miseries of their fellow-men, and use these as their stock in trade.

“The ideas which dominate the minds of both of these classes are the same: The property of the rich must be confiscated and given over to the people, that is to the commune; the people will own and operate all factories, mines, railroads, etc.; every member of the community will have to perform such work as may be assigned to him, and in the distribution of the product each will receive his or her share, according to the amount of labor performed. The family as it exists to-day will be abolished; man and woman will be husband and wife only so long as they find each other’s society congenial; their children may be taken from parents and cared for by the State; the State will manage the schools and colleges, which will be open and free to all, so that all children may enjoy equal educational advantages. The Christian religion and Christian morality will be things of the past — in so far as it is possible for the teachers of Scientific Socialism to make them so — and men will be taught to seek their paradise on earth.”

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"Mr. Colby," here interrupted Stuart, "I don't like to question your statement, but if I understand correctly the teachings of Scientific Socialism, it regards religion as a private affair, to be neither encouraged nor opposed by the Co-operative Commonwealth."

"Mr. Stuart, the 'private affair' theory, which is so often urged nowadays by Socialists who are seeking recruits for their party among Christians, is not really honest—it is resorting to a literal interpretation, which evidently contradicts, or conceals the practical teaching of Socialism. Mr. Morton, you have two or three pages in your little pocket manual devoted to the sayings of Socialist authorities on the subject of religion and Christian morality. Won't you quote some of these to us, so that we may get this matter clearly in our minds?"

Morton produced his *multum in parvo*, and as he turned over the leaves, said: "For most of these excerpts, Mr. Colby, I can give you the speech, or written article, from which they are taken. In some cases I have merely jotted them down as being the words of certain Socialist authorities. I am sure, however, that I can always

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verify these, if required. But as to the religious element in Socialism, it should be remembered that the corner-stone of that faith, as laid down by Marx and Engels, is the 'Materialistic Conception of History,' which denies the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, and that the Communist Manifesto of 1848 — the work of these same authors — is the Magna Charta of Socialism. Marx says: 'The idea of God must be destroyed; it is the key-stone of a perverted civilization!' And again: 'Religion is the opium of the people. The suppression of religion as the happiness of the people is its real happiness.' Marx's collaborator, Frederick Engels, says: 'Three great obstacles block the path of Socialism — private property, religion, and the present form of marriage.' The leader of the German Socialists, August Bebel, in a speech in the Reichstag, September 16, 1878, is reported as saying: 'Gentlemen, you attack our views on religion, because they are atheistic and materialistic. I acknowledge the correctness of the impeachment. I am firmly convinced that Socialism leads to atheism.' 'The revolution,' he says, 'does

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not seek new forms of religion, but denies religion altogether.' In the Berlin *Vorwärts*, the official party organ, he writes: 'Christianity is the enemy of liberty and civilization. It has kept mankind in slavery and oppression. The Church and the State have always fraternally united to exploit the people. Christianity and Socialism are like fire and water.'

"Kautsky, who has been called 'the intellectual giant of the Socialist movement to-day,' says in his pamphlet 'Social Democracy and the Catholic Church': 'The acceptance of a personal God and of personal immortality is incompatible with the present stage of scientific knowledge in general, of which Scientific Socialism is a part that cannot be severed from the whole.'

"Wm. Liebknecht, the veteran leader of the German Social Democracy, in his 'Material Basis of History' says: 'It is our duty as Socialists to root out the faith in God with all our zeal; nor is any one worthy the name, who does not consecrate himself to the spread of atheism.'

"Robert Blatchford, editor of the *Clarion*, a widely read Socialist paper of London,

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says in his book 'God and my Neighbor': 'There is no Heavenly Father watching tenderly over us, His children. He is the baseless shadow of a wistful human dream.'

"George D. Herron, one of the intellectual chiefs of the Socialist Party in this country and secretary for the United States of the International Socialist Bureau, writes: 'The Church of to-day sounds the lowest note in human life. It is the most degrading of all our institutions, and the most brutalizing in its effects on the common life.'

"The *New Yorker Volkszeitung*, the principal representative of Scientific Socialism in New York State, writes under date of October 9, 1901: 'Socialism and belief in God, as it is taught by Christianity and its adherents, are incompatible. Socialism has no meaning unless it is atheistic, unless it declares that we do not need divine help, because we are able to help ourselves.'

"The *New York Call*, the organ of the English speaking Socialists in this city, argues thus: 'There is nothing to be gained by holding out any false hopes that a study of Socialism does not tend to undermine religious beliefs. The theory of Economic

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Determinism alone, if thoroughly grasped, leaves no room for a belief in the supernatural.'

"The Chicago *Evening World*, in criticising Bishop Carroll's address on Socialism, stated that thousands of Roman Catholic working men are members of the Socialist Party, and no bishop or priest has any right, as a Church official, to attack their political belief. The *People's Press*, a Chicago publication that is as frankly atheistic as it is socialistic, calls this statement 'foolish twaddle.' 'In fact,' says the editor, 'Catholicism and Socialism are two deadly enemies; the very life and existence of Catholicism depends on destroying Socialism. Socialism can never achieve its aim, and the workers can never own the earth, except Catholicism is forever destroyed root and branch and wiped off the earth. There are not thousands of Catholics in the Socialist Party. A man cannot be a Catholic and a Socialist any more than he can be both a Republican and a Democrat at the same time.'

"Mr. Paul Burgess, an American socialist visiting Germany, writes an article for the *Christian Socialist*, from which I quote

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the following: 'There is no denying the fact that from Bebel down the pronounced leaders are tooth and nail against Christianity. A Socialist popular meeting at which jeers at God, immortality, or the Bible fail, is decidedly the exception.'

"Bear in mind, gentlemen, that that statement is penned by an American Socialist in Germany, and published by a Socialist paper here. I am well aware that at the present time the Socialist propaganda is making strenuous efforts to conciliate all classes — except of course their *bête noire*, the capitalists — and that the atheistic or anti-Christian doctrines of Socialistic philosophy are kept in the background as far as possible, lest the religious element among the working men, especially those in the Labor Unions, be prevented from going over to the Socialist camp. We hear it asserted constantly by certain members of the party, that Socialism has nothing to do with a man's religious belief, that religion is purely a private affair. And there are, no doubt, some innocent minds who are lulled to a sense of security by this deceptive language. Even that rabid advocate of social rev-

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olution, the *Appeal to Reason*, of Girard, Kansas, now treads gingerly upon that hazardous ground. Not many years ago, however, I culled this little paragraph from its columns: 'The anti-Socialist agitation of the churches thus proves once more that the continual disuse, or misuse, of any faculty results in its degradation. Having taught and believed, or professed to believe, for centuries, certain ideas which are opposed to the plain evidence of our senses, the clericals have become victims of their methods. Having stifled the demands of reason in every possible way, they have finally lost all power of reasoning themselves. As a mass they have dulled the minds of the vast masses by their collective efforts.'

"John Spargo, who shares with Berger and Hillquit the distinction of being a conservative Socialist, says in his 'Common Sense of Socialism': 'It is not true that Socialism is antagonistic to religion. It has nothing to do with speculations concerning the existence of man after physical death, with belief in the immortality of the soul. These are for the individual.' On the same page, however, he says: 'No ethical life is

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possible except as the outgrowing of just and harmonic economic relations; until it is rooted in proper economic soil.' More recently in his 'Applied Socialism' he writes: 'No sympathetic student of both movements can doubt that there is a very real kinship and affinity between Christianity and Socialism.' But in *The Comrade* of May, 1903, there is an article contributed by this same gentleman, from which I have taken these lines: 'Socialism as an ethical interpretation of life is far removed from Christianity, and of infinitely greater beauty and worth. . . . Socialism christianized would be Socialism emasculated and destroyed.'

"One more quotation, gentlemen, a gem from the pen of 'Big Bill' — Wm. D. Haywood, leader of the I.W.W. — in the *International Socialist Review*. He writes (with apologies, I suppose, to Bulwer): 'The pick, the shovel, and the hammer are mightier than the pen, the sword, and the cross.'"

A messenger here entered the room, and approaching the table said in low voice to Mr. Parkman: "There is a call for you, sir, on the phone."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Parkman, as he

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rose from his seat, "that call, I am quite sure, is from a lady whose wishes are my commands. I fear I shall have to bid you good-night."

"It will be impossible," declared Mr. Colby, as they all rose from the table, "for us to continue this interesting discussion in the absence of our esteemed friend, Mr. Parkman. Gentlemen, following the rule established by my predecessor, Mr. Drayton, I beg to adjourn this meeting, subject to the call of the Chair."

As Drayton and Stuart walked down the avenue, Drayton slipped his hand under his friend's arm and said: "Well, George, what do you think of it all?"

"Think of it?" he replied, "why I think you are all conspiring to put me in a hole; and the worst of it is, I am afraid you have already got me there. Between Mr. Colby's books and the arguments I have listened to at our Club Soirées the ground seems to be slipping from under me, and I am becoming painfully conscious of the fact that there is something radically wrong in my philosophy. But Alfred, will you tell me why your church is such a relentless foe of Socialism?"

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The other denominations seem to be comparatively indifferent in the matter, or, if they do condemn it, their criticism seems to be directed chiefly against the economic side of the question; while your people are waging a bitter war upon the whole system, giving more attention apparently to the moral than the economic features of Socialism."

Drayton was silent for a moment, then turned suddenly to his friend and said: "George, come around Tuesday evening and dine with us. Father's old friends, Dr. and Mrs. Eaton, generally take dinner with us that evening, Father and Mother reciprocating by dining with the Eatons Thursday evening. It's an old custom which the families have kept up for years. The doctor is quite a theologian, and I believe really enjoys a bit of controversy. At all events, he can answer your question a good deal better than I can. To-morrow evening Gertrude and Mildred and I are going to a little dance at the Chapins' — an informal affair, I imagine, but all the more enjoyable for being so. I wish you were going to be with us."

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"My dear Alfred, I shall be most happy to meet your kind wishes. I have been honored myself with an invitation, which I thought I should decline. But now that I know you are all going, of course I shall accept."

"Good, George, I am delighted to know it. Then it's only *au revoir* till to-morrow." And they bade each other good night at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street.

George Stuart was in that state of mind which may be described as moral conviction struggling with lingering doubt. Truth has dawned upon the mind, and conscience really prompts to action; but pride, reluctance perhaps to acknowledge one's error, confirmed habits of thought and the associations growing up around them block the way.

How many men, honest and sincere of heart, have thus listened to the suggestions of doubt, in face of the moral certainty which has confronted them; until sometimes they have seemed to lose the power of reaching, or at least acting upon, any definite conclusion. Stuart had been disillusioned, but he was still reluctant to renounce the old faith and embrace the new.

XIII

A Confession

THE little dance at the Chapins' Monday evening was, as Alfred Drayton had suggested, an informal affair and, as he had anticipated, "none the less enjoyable on that account." The twenty or twenty-five young people present, although very different types of character, were all personally acquainted — most of them intimately so — a circumstance which had been thoughtfully foreseen by their hostess.

Mrs. Chapin and her daughter Elizabeth received the young people; and with them was Mrs. Agnes Hazelton, Mr. Frederick Drayton's sister. Her husband, General Hazelton, had been absent more than a year in the Philippines. Aunt Aggie, as she was affectionately called, was devoted to her nephew and both of her nieces, but

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Gertrude was her favorite. Their mother, Catherine Sidney Drayton, was, in her estimation the most perfect woman she had ever known. She often told Catherine that she and her daughter Gertrude were "as like as two peas in a pod"; that when she looked at her niece, she was often reminded of Catherine Sidney as she appeared to her when they met for the first time, thirty odd years ago, in the poor little apartments of the Gannons on First Avenue, both bent on an errand of charity. She was fond, too, of Mildred, but in quite a different way. Mildred's charms were such as to make her always attractive in society, a fact of which she herself was thoroughly conscious. Besides having a pretty face and graceful manners, she was a woman of good taste, and possessed of rather brilliant conversational powers, quick-witted and always ready at repartee. But she was self-centred, and the views and wishes of others were generally matters of secondary consideration, if they conflicted with her own ideas; whereas Gertrude's first thought seemed always to be of others—what were their views and wishes? what could she do to give them

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any happiness? If Mildred disapproved of what others said or did, her criticism was quick and outspoken; her sister, on the other hand, was slow to criticise, blind to the faults, and always ready to find an excuse for the mistakes of others. It was not surprising, therefore, that their aunt, Mrs. Hazelton, while she loved them both, was irresistibly drawn to Gertrude. She really excused Mildred's selfishness on the ground that she was the youngest daughter, and had consequently been somewhat spoiled — by her father of course.

Their cousin, Margaret Hazelton — she was called Marjorie — was a light-hearted, frolicsome girl of eighteen, who had hardly gotten over her fondness for vaulting fences and climbing trees. She had inherited her mother's love for horses, cross country riding, and all sorts of field sports. Her laughter was so contagious that her father used to say it was impossible for any one to wear a serious face when Marjorie was present.

Sitting next to Marjorie this evening was Alice Bacon, "the most overdressed woman in the room" as Alfred afterwards said to his sister. She was a blonde, with cold,

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gray eyes, and hair so light as to be almost corn colored. She sat back in an easy chair, with an air of entire indifference to everybody around her, except that when any young lady passed, whose costume was especially attractive, she gazed at her with a critical eye, that suggested a possible feeling of jealousy. She was pretty and consequently drew many admirers about her; but her vocabulary was rather limited, consisting generally of monosyllables, or short sentences in reply to complimentary speeches, or answering some insipid question put to her. However, she was a good dancer as well as pianist, and was always sought for on occasions when music and dancing were to be the special attractions.

One of her most ardent admirers was Lewis Foster, a callow youth, whose voice was pitched in a high key and somewhat affected, especially in the broad accent of his a's, and the rolling of his r's. He talked a good deal, but it would really be difficult to recall just what he said. Alice barely tolerated him, and frequently put him off when he begged for a dance, by telling him that she was engaged.

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She was much more partial to Bert Hollister, a well-groomed young gentleman who prided himself on his personal accomplishments, bowed effusively, and generally talked with his hands in his pockets. He frequently made use of the expression, "since I was admitted to the Bar" — he had enjoyed that honor about six months. Perhaps it would not be an exaggeration to say that he was more popular with the gentler sex than with men.

If you happened to meet and talk with Stephen Prentice, a diminutive youth of rather unkempt appearance, who wore glasses, you would probably leave him with the feeling that you must have been guilty of some *faux pas* either of speech or manner, as you recall the critical look he gave you while you were speaking, a cynical expression that seemed to say, "You don't know what you are talking about." He wasn't much of a dancer, but had a fine tenor voice, which gave him the entrée to social gatherings where music furnished any considerable part of the entertainment.

As you turn away in a somewhat disconcerted state of mind from this interview,

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you spy Harry Blackman over there in the corner, chatting with Miss Barbara Reid. As you approach, he turns to you with a cheery smile, shakes your hand cordially, and tells you that he is delighted to see you; his whole manner, too, assures you that he means just what he says. It is like a breath of fresh air meeting you as you emerge from the stifling atmosphere of the subway in midsummer. As he talks and listens to you his manner is frank and sincere, and you quite forget the annoyance that has ruffled your feelings. If you are not acquainted with the lady, he introduces you at once as an old friend.

Miss Barbara Reid, with whom he was just then conversing, was a young lady of rather unprepossessing personality. Her angular features, thin lips, which terminated in a straight line, and the severe style of her hair dressing, as well as the condescending nod with which she met your polite bow, might possibly suggest the suffragette. You would not, therefore, be surprised at hearing her say to Mr. Blackman — a remark, by the way, which you have so often heard: “No, I am not a militant; I do not approve

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of the violent methods used in England by the advocates of 'votes for women'; but I do think most decidedly that women should have the same political rights that men do."

But while we are studying the characters around us, the dancing has already begun. The music was furnished by Franko's Orchestra, who were seated in the rear of the hall, behind a bank of palms and flowering plants. They had already, as a sort of prelude, played the Overture to "William Tell"; but now the strains of one of Strauss's rapturous waltzes set the whole company in motion. The more up-to-date figures, of the "Turkey trot" variety, it should be mentioned, were barred out by Mrs. Chapin as unbecoming to womanly modesty and self-respect.

George Stuart, who had been standing near the front window, talking with Alfred Drayton, saw at a glance that Harry Blackman was looking in the direction of Gertrude, and hastened to get ahead of him. Harry was an ardent suitor for Gertrude's favor, and lost no opportunity to make himself agreeable. He had so far succeeded that she found him entertaining, and listened with

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interest to his conversation. But he had impressed her at times as being rather frivolous, and inclined to joke, or at least to speak in a trifling manner upon serious subjects, which offended her good taste. Gertrude, who just at this time was laughing heartily at a story her cousin Marjorie Hazelton was telling her, became suddenly conscious, without raising her eyes, that both of the young gentlemen were hurrying towards her. As they drew near, she looked up, still laughing at Marjorie's story, and bowed acceptance to Stuart, almost before he had uttered the words, "Miss Gertrude, may I have the pleasure?"

Blackman took his disappointment in good part, and said laughingly, as he bowed to her: "Better luck next time, Miss Drayton; and I hope my turn will come very soon."

"It certainly will, Mr. Blackman," she replied. "This is only the first dance, you know."

Her words pleased him. George's innate courtesy prevented him from displaying any annoyance at the moment; but any one knowing him intimately might have in-

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ferred, from the slight frown that passed over his face, that the green-eyed monster had disturbed his mind. Gertrude and George, after a few turns about the room, found their way into the large hall and sat down on the sofa.

"Well, George, what's the latest news from the Socialist ranks?" she asked. "Are the builders of the Co-operative Republic making much progress these days?"

George did not answer or raise his eyes for a few moments. As she looked into his face, she saw that there was apparently a conflict going on in his mind, and she feared for an instant that her question had annoyed him. Presently he turned and said to her in a subdued voice, and with a thoughtful expression on his face: "Miss Gertrude, if you will allow me to speak confidentially, I would like to tell you something." She was momentarily startled, but said: "What is it, George?"

"Since my junior year at Harvard," he replied, measuring his words carefully, "I have been an interested student of Socialism. I joined the Socialist Club there and listened to lecturers who developed the Socialist doc-

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trines in a most attractive manner, setting before us night after night realistic pictures of the destitution and misery of the greater portion of the human race, attributing these largely, if not wholly, to what they described as the capitalist system of our modern civilization, and persuading us, by what seemed convincing arguments, that this new school of economic philosophy offered a practical solution of the burning questions that have distracted the world for two thousand years, and that the establishment of the Co-operative Republic would bring about universal happiness — liberty, equality, and fraternity to all men. I became an enthusiastic convert, and my faith in Socialism was strengthened and intensified when, on a subsequent visit to my Alma Mater, I heard Dr. Eliot's lecture, before the Harvard Summer School, on "The Religion of the Future," in which he said — I remember his words distinctly: 'The religion of the future will not be based on authority, either spiritual or temporal.' I have read a good deal on the subject since then, and until recently my faith in the doctrines which I imbibed at Harvard has grown apace.

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“Miss Gertrude, I have been reading the other side lately and listening to the arguments of several gentlemen who are better versed in economic questions and the science of sociology than I am. Confession is good for the soul, and I am obliged to admit — I trust with a chastened spirit — that I have lost my faith in Socialism.”

Gertrude Drayton's face was slightly flushed, indicating an interest which she did not wish to show; but with his last statement she raised her hand and made a movement as though she would place it on his arm. Their further conversation was interrupted by the approach of Harry Blackman, who laughingly reminded her of her promise that his “turn would come very soon.”

“Indeed, I am quite ready,” she replied rising to her feet, “and shall be glad to redeem my promise.”

Tripping “on the light fantastic toe” was kept up for an hour and a half, the round dances being interspersed with the old-fashioned — now, alas! unconventional — quadrilles.

The dining-room was thrown open at

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eleven, revealing an attractive table laden with good things to tempt the appetites of the young people. Ample justice was done to this material feature of the entertainment, which was followed by a brief musical programme.

Miss Alice Bacon entertained the guests with a fugue of Bach's, a brilliant composition calling for delicacy of touch as well as skilful technique. The latter Miss Bacon possessed; her thin arms and long fingers flew over the keys of the piano rapidly and gracefully, but her touch was not sympathetic; and however much you applauded when she struck the last notes with a bang, your good taste and sense of harmony would silently suggest to you that you had really listened to a musical machine.

She was followed by Miss Margaret Mason, who sang very sweetly "Il dolce suono," the mad scene from "Lucia di Lammermoor," and as an encore electrified her young friends by a naïve rendering of "Coming through the Rye." Stephen Prentice sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "The Cruiskeen Lawn."

And then Gertrude Drayton, at Mrs.

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Chapin's request, went to the piano and played Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," an old favorite of her mother's. It was the masterpiece and fitting finale of the entertainment. One more dance was called for, and all hands, including Mrs. Chapin and Mrs. Hazelton, joined in a Virginia reel.

Alfred Drayton and George Stuart decided that they would sleep better if they walked home. As they strolled down the Avenue, Alfred turned to his silent companion and said: "George, I must tell you of something funny that happened this morning. Just as I was finishing my breakfast, the maid entered the dining-room and said to me that a woman by the name of Hawkins wanted to see me, and was waiting at the door. I told the maid to show her into the library. I couldn't at first think of anybody by that name that I had ever heard of. But suddenly it dawned upon me that Hawkins was the name of one of the three gentlemen your friend Eckhart introduced to us as we entered the Socialist hall on Eighty-fourth Street a few nights ago." — Stuart winced a little at the words "your friend Eckhart."

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"Later in the evening, you will remember, they introduced themselves somewhat unceremoniously to me, while I was addressing the meeting. The trio are now in durance vile for attempting to blow up the United States Express Building on Twenty-third Street, a few nights after we made their acquaintance on that memorable occasion. I didn't feel quite sure, when I entered the library, that I shouldn't be met by a bomb. Nothing of the sort happened. The good woman rose as I approached, bowed very respectfully, and said: 'Mr. Drayton, I am the wife of Robert Hawkins. My husband is in jail' — here her face puckered up, and she brought her handkerchief to her eyes — 'for what I don't know. When they arrested him, they said he was trying to blow up a building on Twenty-third Street, where the strike breakers were sleeping. I don't know what would possess Robert to do such a dirty thing; only he's so crazy about the Socialists, the I.W.W. as they call themselves.' 'But Mrs. Hawkins,' I asked, 'why did you come to me?' 'Why then, sir,' she replied, 'I'm a very poor woman, and I have three young children to support. If Robert

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is to be sent to prison, I don't know what we'll do.' Here again the handkerchief went to her eyes. 'I went to his "local" — that's his Socialist lodge on Eighty-fourth Street — and they told me there that they couldn't do anything for Robert now, and they had no money to spend on the likes of me. Last night a man called to see me — Mr. Thomas Connors is his name, and a very nice gentleman he is. He told me he had heard I was in trouble, and wanted to know what he could do for me. When I told him how poor I was, and he saw the three kids, he said: "Go and see Mr. Drayton, on Madison Avenue." As he wished me good-night, he put a dollar bill in my hand, God bless him.' She gave me her address, and I told her I would look into the case. I gave her a few dollars to tide her over her difficulties for a few days, and immediately sent word to the St. Vincent de Paul Society, requesting them to investigate, and to give her such relief as the circumstances seemed to warrant. Hawkins is not a Catholic, but that, of course, will make no difference with the Vincentians. They devote themselves to the relief of distress

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wherever they find it, whether the sufferers are Catholics or Protestants, or of no religion at all. When I told Gertrude about Mrs. Hawkins' call, she immediately drove around to the place with one of our maids; and whatever she saw there, I know she sent quite a package of provisions to the poor family this afternoon."

"And what are you going to do about Hawkins?" asked George.

"Why, I'm afraid I can't do much of anything. I really have no ill feeling against him; but the offence with which he is charged is of course a felony, which will send him to State's prison if proved; and I suspect the evidence implicating him is too strong to be shaken. When his case comes up in General Sessions, I shall make it a point to be present; and if he is convicted, I will suggest leniency in fixing his term of imprisonment, for the sake of his family — that is, providing we find them deserving of sympathy, as I believe they are."

They had reached the corner of Twenty-ninth Street, where they were to separate. George was silent for a moment, then suddenly turning, grasped his friend by the

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hand and said: "Alfred, you're a brick — good-night."

"I appreciate the compliment," called out Alfred, as Stuart was hurrying away. "Don't forget the dinner to-morrow night."

"Indeed I won't," was the reply.

As George threw himself into an easy chair that night, and lit a fresh cigar — he had too much on his mind to think of going to bed — he said to himself: "I told Miss Gertrude to-night, confidentially, that I was losing my faith in Socialism. I might have made the further confession that I am acquiring, *pari passu*, faith in something better."

XIV

The Question Answered

AS Alfred had said to his friend Stuart, Dr. Eaton and his wife were in the habit of dining Tuesday evening with the Draytons. This week they brought with them an old friend, Mr. Horace Dwight — a former Episcopalian clergyman, who had entered the Catholic Church soon after the conversion of the Eatons. It so happened that Mr. Frederick Drayton, not knowing who his other guests were to be, had invited to dinner this evening a professional friend, Mr. Henry Remsen, who was a devoted member of Dr. Parkhurst's Church, and naturally enough not altogether in sympathy with the religious views of most of the others at the table. Alfred was a little disappointed over the situation, for he knew that Presbyterians are apt to be somewhat prejudiced against

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Catholicism, and he had hoped to draw Dr. Eaton out on the subject of the Catholic Church and Socialism. However, he determined not to be daunted by this unexpected turn of events. Perhaps Mr. Remsen, if not a sympathetic listener, might at least get some useful information.

The conversation during dinner was marked by the utmost good humor and cordiality. Dr. Eaton and Mr. Remsen sat on Mrs. Drayton's right and left, respectively; Mrs. Eaton and Gertrude were Mr. Drayton's near neighbors; Mr. Dwight and George Stuart sat *vis-à-vis*, Mr. Dwight having Alfred on his right, and George being seated between Gertrude and Mildred. The doctor and Mr. Remsen had known each other by reputation, having lived for more than thirty years within a few blocks of one another on Madison Avenue, but met for the first time this evening — a circumstance not uncommon in a great metropolitan city. Mr. Dwight and George found a bond of sympathy in the fact of their both being alumni of Harvard, although Mr. Dwight was by many years George's senior. This latter fact, in a way, only strengthened the

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sympathetic cord between them; for one of the most attractive traits of George Stuart's character was the respect and deference which he paid on all occasions to age; and Mr. Dwight did not fail to appreciate this characteristic, to which modernism seems to pay so little consideration.

The gentlemen rose as the ladies started for the drawing-room, and then resumed their seats at the table. As soon as the coffee was passed, and cigars were lighted, Alfred Drayton at once entered upon what he regarded as the most important business of the evening.

"Doctor Eaton, I have a question that I would like to ask," he said.

"Certainly, Alfred," replied the doctor, turning with a smile to his young friend, "I will try to answer it if I can."

"We had a discussion at the Club a few evenings ago, on the subject of Socialism, in which several gentlemen took part. On our way home that night George asked me why it is that the Catholic Church is so implacable a foe, and why she wages so relentless a war against Socialism, while the other denominations are comparatively in-

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different, or at least make no such strenuous efforts to combat the system. I have taken the liberty of referring him to you in the matter."

"That was very kind of you certainly, Alfred; but I am quite sure you are fully competent to answer that question yourself."

Alfred made no reply; and as the others, too, remained silent, the doctor continued.

"Truth and error are, of course, contradictory and therefore antagonistic. The Catholic Church is 'the pillar and ground of the truth'; Socialism is the modern offspring of error; there can be absolutely no truce between them. The Catholic Church teaches the immortality of the soul, and admonishes her children that their true home is in the life beyond the grave, where men will be rewarded or punished according to their works. Socialism declares that man is but an animal, having no soul, without the hope of immortality, that he must make for himself a paradise on this earth. The Catholic Church inculcates the lessons of Christian morality upon all men, and the duty of a conscientious observance of the

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moral law. Socialism casts the Christian code of morality to the winds, and proclaims the moral independence of the individual; recognizes no authority except that of the Commune or Co-operative Republic. The Catholic Church holds that there is great need indeed of both moral and social reform; that the rights of all classes of society — rich as well as poor, educated as well as ignorant — should alike be safeguarded by just and efficient laws; that the laboring and dependent classes especially should be protected in all their rights against the tyranny and selfish greed of the wealthier and more powerful members of the community; in other words that equal opportunities should be secured to all, and privileges to none. All this, it goes without saying, is a stupendous task, which calls for almost superhuman wisdom, and should be undertaken only by men of high character and broad experience. The conservative, Catholic theory is that this should be constructive work, amending, reforming, building upon the present social system, which has gradually developed under modern civilization.

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"Socialism spells revolution; its avowed purpose is the overthrow of all governments as now constituted, as well as our present social and economic system; it would destroy the Church, destroy the home, destroy the Christian family. The realization of the Marxian theories would be impossible with anything short of this.

"And after the revolution, after this cataclysm, which in a night, as it were, is to destroy the work of ages, what then? The work of reconstruction is to be left in the hands of two classes—the selfish, mercenary demagogues, and the utopian dreamers. Is it any wonder that God's Church is the foe of socialism?

"Mr. Dwight, am I extravagant in my views?"

"Not a bit so, Doctor," replied his friend. "Every statement you have made regarding Socialism can be substantiated from the utterances of leading Socialists. The Catholic doctrine upon these questions is best stated, I think, in the *Rerum Novarum*, the famous encyclical of Pope Leo XIII on 'The Condition of the Working Classes.' The whole subject has been very ably treated

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in a recent work of Father Husslein, S.J., on 'The Church and Social Problems.'"

"Regarding Mr. Stuart's second question, 'Why the Catholic Church wages so relentless a war against Socialism, while the other religious denominations are comparatively indifferent, or at least make no such strenuous efforts to combat the system,' I fear," said Dr. Eaton, "that it will be impossible for me to give a satisfactory reply without running the risk of giving offence to my dissenting brothers. And I trust that my esteemed friend, Mr. Remsen, will be assured of the kindly personal feelings I entertain for many who differ *in toto* from me in their views on religious questions."

"I beg you will give yourself no uneasiness on that score, Dr. Eaton," replied Mr. Remsen. "I certainly do not expect that your views upon Protestantism will be in accord with my own. Nevertheless, my profession has taught me that it is always well to hear the other side, and I am sure I shall be interested in what you have to say upon the subject."

"Thank you, Mr. Remsen," replied the doctor. "Then I shall speak very frankly.

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“Let me call your attention in the first place to the fact that there is but one church that teaches the same doctrine, and inculcates the same code of morals to all the world; one church that is universal, that is listened to as the voice of God by every nation and people on the face of the earth. All the other churches, or denominations, are local, or national, and speak — with more or less authority — to a very limited portion of the human race. Prior to the sixteenth century none of them had any existence; and those that sprang up during the time of the great Protestant Reformation, so called, have split into numerous sects or branches, have quarrelled among themselves, and with each other, retaining, however, one unchanging bond of sympathy — hostility to the old Mother Church.

“How is it possible for any of these sects, or all of them together — so far as it is possible for them to get together — to offer any successful resistance to the inroads of Socialism, which has obtained a footing, and is exercising its baneful influence, in nearly every country of the civilized world? Even if it were possible for them to unite in a

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common effort, they cannot speak with the voice of authority. The occupant of each pulpit gives expression to his personal views, which in many cases have a decidedly Socialistic coloring, and none of which exert any considerable influence beyond a limited circle. Such divided attacks, even if earnestly delivered, cannot effect any great result against a united enemy. And naturally enough, the enemy in this case pays little heed to these feeble and scattered efforts.

“The life of the Catholic Church for nearly two thousand years has been one incessant conflict with error. False teachers were not wanting in the very first years of her existence, as is evident from the language of the apostolic writers. And down through the intervening centuries, to our own day, Mother Church has never been free from the assaults of heresy and schism. She has successfully resisted them all, and has preserved unimpaired the sacred deposit of faith left her by her Divine Founder. She is fully equipped, therefore, to-day to battle with the forces of Materialism and Modernism and Socialism.

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“But apart from her ability and her experience, she possesses in a marvellous degree the missionary spirit, which has sent forth her saints and her martyrs — men and women — into every quarter of the globe. And mark you, gentlemen, there stands on her watch-towers a sentinel, ever vigilant, who warns his people of approaching danger, which he, better than any other, sees from afar. The words of Pius IX, of Leo XIII, and of the present illustrious Pontiff are still ringing in the ears of Catholics the world over, warning them against the insidious errors of Materialism, and Modernism, and Socialism. Their words have not been uttered in vain. Loyal Catholics in every quarter of the globe are to-day fighting against these enemies of the Christian religion and of Christian liberty.

“Mr. Stuart, that may in a measure explain to you why the Catholic Church wages so relentless a war upon Socialism, while the other religious denominations are comparatively indifferent.”

George made no reply. Indeed, it did not seem to him at that moment that there was

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any reply to be made, and he felt that the questions he had put to Alfred Drayton had been satisfactorily answered.

Mr. Remsen, however, seeing that Stuart was not inclined to speak, turned to the doctor and said: "I appreciate fully, Doctor, the force of what you say regarding the Catholic Church. The three strong points you speak of—her catholicity, her long-time experience in combating heresy and schism, and the zeal of her devoted followers—make her undoubtedly a formidable opponent of Socialism. But it seems to me that you do not recognize the good work that is being done by some of the other churches in the same direction."

"I know, Mr. Remsen, there are Protestant clergymen who have denounced Socialism from their pulpits, and who seem to be conscious of the danger which threatens the country from that source. But their sphere of activity is very limited; and as for any efficient authority, that is measured by their individuality rather than by any right or jurisdictional power given them by their church organization. Moreover, it is a very general belief that many of the occupants of

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THE QUESTION ANSWERED

Protestant pulpits adapt their sermons, both doctrinal and moral, to the views and sentiments of their congregations, from whom their generous salaries are received. In the majority of cases they are 'called,' not appointed; and their 'call,' as well as their retention, is dependent upon their ability to please, rather than to preach the truth in matters of faith and morals. Among these congregations there are certainly many who have already imbibed Socialist ideas."

Mr. Remsen had not had time to frame his reply to the doctor's remarks, when the notes of the beautiful song from "*La Sonnambula*," "Ah! must ye fade, sweet flowers?" were heard. It was Gertrude singing. The gentlemen rose, as if by a common impulse, threw their half-finished cigars into the ash receivers, and started for the parlor. The rest of the evening was given up to music, during which Gertrude and George sang together the "*Si, la stanchezza*" from "*Il Trovatore*."

As they finished, Gertrude, who sat at the piano, turned and said: "George, you sang that very sweetly. It makes me think that you must have renounced not only

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Satan, but all his pomps — even, even his heresies.”

“Miss Gertrude,” he whispered leaning over close to her ear, “what is the name of that book which you urged me so strongly the other day to read?”

“‘The Faith of our Fathers,’ by Cardinal Gibbons,” she replied.

“I am going to read it,” he said. She looked up, and the expressive smile on her face assured George that his resolution was gratifying to her.

Before closing his eyes that night he had fully determined that he would conscientiously “hear the other side.”

XV

A Strange Visitor

THE following morning Alfred received a phone from the President of the St. Vincent de Paul Conference, to whom he had referred the matter, saying that the Hawkins case had been carefully investigated by two members of the society, who reported to him that Hawkins was, or had been, a printer by trade; but for the last year or two had been leading a dissolute life, having little or no permanent work. He was chiefly interested in politics, being a member of the I.W.W., or radical branch of the Socialist Party — so his neighbors said — and spent much of his time in the saloons. “He was arrested a few days ago,” continued Alfred’s informant, “for taking part in an attempt to blow up a building on Twenty-third Street, where a number of strike breakers were lodged. Mrs. Hawkins,

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however, is reported to be a very worthy woman. Her neighbors all speak well of her, and say that for some time past she has suffered a great deal because of the ill treatment she has received from her husband. They are not Catholics, but, as you know, that will make no difference with us; we have her on our list now, and one of our members will visit her every week and see that the family are not in need."

"Thank you very much," replied Alfred. "What you tell me confirms just what I had surmised. We will do what we can to help the poor woman."

As soon as Gertrude heard from her brother the facts in the case, she gathered together sundry packages of children's clothes, shoes, etc., besides a few little toys which she had purchased in anticipation of the favorable report she felt sure her brother would receive, and drove around to Mrs. Hawkins' rooms. As she went out Alfred put a five dollar bill in her hand to give to her protégée as "pin money." This happened Wednesday morning.

Early Friday evening, as the Draytons were leaving the dinner table, the butler

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told Alfred there was a man waiting in the library to see him. He would give no name, the servant said, but requested him very politely to say to Mr. Alfred Drayton that a friend wished to see him. As Alfred entered the library, the visitor rose, bowed, and then looked him squarely in the eye.

"Good-evening, sir; did you wish to see me?" asked Alfred.

"Good-evening, Mr. Drayton," said the stranger. "You don't recognize me. I didn't think you would."

"I do not, sir. And yet I think I have seen your face before."

"You probably have, Mr. Drayton. I attended a Socialist meeting on Eighty-fourth Street a few evenings ago, at which you were present."

Alfred began to feel a little uneasy, recalling his disagreeable experience of that evening, and wondered what the purpose of this man's call now could be.

"I entered the hall," he continued, "while you were speaking, and remained standing near the door. When it became evident that serious trouble was brewing, I hurried out and summoned two policemen. On my

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return — the officers preceded me — the hall was in darkness and almost empty. I turned on the lights, and seeing the situation, rushed off again and procured a carriage, which I knew would be needed. It was necessary for me to remain incognito on that occasion, as you will understand when I have explained matters more thoroughly.”

They had both been standing thus far. “Will you kindly be seated, sir?” said Alfred, becoming intensely interested in his visitor’s story.

“Mr. Drayton, what I have to say to you is of a confidential nature. Can I speak without fear of being overheard?” Alfred closed the door into the hall, and then took a seat near his strange visitor.

“My name, Mr. Drayton, is Thomas Connors; Tommy, my good mother always called me — God have mercy on her soul! — and for her sake I love the nickname.” Alfred noticed that his voice was subdued and his eyes dropped, as he said this. “I am a detective. As it is exceedingly important that I should have your entire confidence, I would suggest that before I

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proceed further, you telephone Mr. William Flynn, Chief of the Detective Bureau, at Police Headquarters, and ask who I am, and just how far I am to be trusted. He is at his office to-night, and knows that I am here."

"Mr. Connors, I accept your credentials as I read them in your face," replied Alfred. "I may call upon your Chief later. Please proceed." The detective bowed his acknowledgment, and began his story.

"Mr. Drayton, you and your good sister have recently been very kind to Mrs. Hawkins. Your charity has not been misplaced; she is an excellent woman and appreciates what you have done for her, as you will see. It became my duty—or at least I thought so—after the arrest of her husband to ingratiate myself with Mrs. Hawkins. He is the leader of a gang of Socialists, who train under the colors of the I.W.W. His attack upon you at the Socialist meeting was a sufficient offence to send him up for six months, if you had made a complaint against him. His performance on Twenty-third Street was a crime which will probably send him to State's prison for as many years. If

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there is any deviltry afoot, he knows of it, you may be sure. I would have gone to see him myself in the Tombs, and I think I might have drawn any information from him regarding plans that are hatching — for I have managed to keep pretty close to all the gang for some months past — but on account of the failure of their programme on Twenty-third Street, and the arrest of Hawkins and his associates — myself, I should tell you, among the number — and my subsequent release, I feared he might mistrust me and hold back any information he had. I will be glad to tell you sometime how I managed to get so close to these fellows that I became a member of the executive committee of the I.W.W. What I have told you thus far is, I am sure you will understand, strictly confidential.”

“I shall certainly consider it so, Mr. Connors.”

“This morning I called on Mrs. Hawkins, who, I knew, had seen her husband yesterday. She says that when she told him how good you and Miss Drayton had been to her and the children, he was furious, and told her to have nothing to do with you; that

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you were a bitter enemy of the I.W.W. 'And then,' she told me with a frightened look on her face, 'he put his lips close to the prison bars and whispered: "*Annie, that man is marked; he is going to be croaked.*"' After expressing my regret and the hope that the threat would not be carried out, I hurried down to headquarters and told the Chief what I had learned. He ordered me to shadow you after sunset, and suggested that I call upon you right away, and let you know all the facts. He gave me a permit also for you to carry a revolver, which I have with me."

Connors handed the paper to Alfred, who had listened with intense interest to the detective's story. He sat now with an astonished expression on his face, scarce knowing just how to reply. He glanced over the permit; the novelty of the situation interested him, but really, there was something quite uncanny about it.

"I thank you very much, Mr. Connors," he said, "for your kind interest and that of your Chief in my behalf. I think, however, that I shall be able to take care of myself."

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"I am sure you can, sir, as well as any man I know," replied Connors. "But you never can tell what sort of tricks these fellows are up to. I know most of them pretty well, and I am familiar with their way of doing things. I shall keep a close eye on their movements; and I think it would be well for you to keep me posted on your whereabouts when you are out at night."

"My only regular night out is Monday," said Alfred. "I generally spend that evening at the library of the Bar Association on Forty-fourth Street. We try to get to the theatre once or twice a week, but of course that is as apt to be one night as another."

"Do you generally ride or walk home from Forty-fourth Street?" asked Connors. "And do you return alone or with some one?"

"I always walk," replied Alfred, "and generally have a friend with me."

"Is it possible," asked Connors, "if I called on a Monday evening with a friend at the Bar Association, I might be permitted to wait for you in the hall? I should merely want to know when you left the

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house, so that we might follow you a little later."

"Why certainly, Mr. Connors," replied Alfred, "there will be no trouble about that, if you really think it worth while. I will leave word at the office that if you call, you are to be shown to one of the waiting-rooms; and when I go out, I will of course notify you."

"Just one word more, Mr. Drayton. I must tell you that when I am plain Thomas Connors, playing the part of a private citizen, I am known among my friends and acquaintances by that name. When I am engaged in professional duties, that is, acting the part of a detective, I am known only as Jack Hogan, and my personal appearance changes with my name. If you will permit me, I will show you in a few moments just what I look like when I am on active duty."

He took a package from his pocket as he rose, and turning towards the wall, quickly adjusted a false mustache and side whiskers to his face, made some slight change in his collar and necktie, and drew his hair in dishevelled fashion over his forehead. As he turned around and faced Alfred, the

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transformation was so complete that the latter was startled for a moment. Bowing respectfully, the detective said: "Mr. Drayton, your humble servant, Jack Hogan. Whenever you meet me in this guise, recognize me, please, by that name only."

"And when you are playing the rôle of Jack Hogan, is your appearance always what it is now?" asked Alfred.

"Always," he replied. "But I may have to be rechristened any time, if my name becomes too familiar, and then my style of dress would have to be modified accordingly. My speech also, which at present smacks a bit of the brogue, when delivered by Mr. Hogan, as you may note, might assume a Teutonic ring, or even a French flavor, befitting my name and dress. Our profession, Mr. Drayton, makes it necessary for us at times to become 'all things to all men.' With your kind permission, I think that when I bid you good-night, I will preserve my identity as Jack Hogan, for I have a faint suspicion that some of those fellows are hanging around the block to-night. You don't intend to go out again this evening, Mr. Drayton?"

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"I do not," replied Alfred. He bade the detective good-night at the front door, and as he did so, took a good look up and down the street on both sides.

Hogan met no one on the avenue, but as he turned the corner of Twenty-eighth Street, he saw two men approaching on the opposite side. He pulled his soft hat, which had already been shaped à la Hogan, down over his face, and walked on rapidly. As they passed, he recognized Joe Levy and James Morgan, and they evidently had their eyes on him. His suspicions were correct, but as Alfred had assured him he was not going out again that night, he hurried on, took the subway to Bleeker Street, and reaching headquarters reported to his superior officer. When he mentioned having met Levy and Morgan in the vicinity of the Drayton residence, the Chief suggested his making some change in his personal appearance, at least to the extent of wearing a different style of hat, lest he should be recognized by the men who had seen him on Twenty-eighth Street. Hogan at once adopted the suggestion.

.After bidding the detective good-night,

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Alfred rejoined the family circle in the parlor, and tried very hard to take part in the conversation; but he was evidently distracted, his thoughts were elsewhere. Presently his mother, who had noticed a worried expression on his face when he entered the room, went over to the sofa, where he was sitting, and taking his hand affectionately in hers, said: "Alfred dear, what is troubling you? What makes you look so serious?"

"Why, do I really seem so?" he replied. "I certainly ought not to, when I have you, my precious Mother, and the other dear ones with me." And he pressed her hand affectionately to his lips.

Something in his words, as well as the earnest manner in which he spoke, alarmed his mother, and she looked anxiously into his face. "Who was your caller, Alfred? I didn't like his appearance a bit as I saw him going out. Or were there two? Hannah insists that the man she saw going out with you was not the one she showed into the library."

"Hannah was mistaken, Mother. She was simply the victim of an optical delusion.

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He is a friend of mine and is going to help me in a case I have coming on."

"Well, my dear son, I hope your cases won't necessitate your associating with bad men."

When he went to his room that night, and thought the whole situation over, Alfred felt that whether by accident or necessity, he had wandered across the path of some pretty bad men, who evidently intended to revenge themselves upon him for some imaginary wrong. Connors had told him that the I.W.W. men felt very bitterly towards him, not only because of his attack upon Socialism at the Eighty-fourth Street meeting, but because they believed it was he who had foiled their plans to destroy the Twenty-third Street building, and had caused the arrest of the members of the executive council on Second Avenue that same night. Eckhart was a prisoner in the hospital, recovering from a gunshot wound. Hawkins and Goldberg, who had been arrested on Twenty-third Street, *flagrante delicto*, were held in so heavy bail, that they had been unable to secure their freedom. The others — those arrested in the council chamber on

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Second Avenue — had been released on bail, which in their case had been fixed at a much lower figure. But why should they suppose that he had anything to do with the defeat of their plans on Twenty-third Street? As a matter of fact, he knew nothing of them until he read the story in the newspapers of the following morning. He knew none of them personally, except perhaps Eckhart, whom he had met casually once or twice when dining with Stuart in a public restaurant. Hawkins evidently disliked him, as was indicated by what he had said to his wife about accepting any help from Alfred Drayton. But why? And the others who had been arrested with Eckhart, what cause had he ever given any of them for hating him? Suddenly it flashed upon his mind that his religion might have something to do with it. He remembered Stuart had told him that Eckhart was an atheist, and had said more than once that the Catholic Church was the worst enemy Socialism had.

He knew, to be sure, that his remarks at the Eighty-fourth Street meeting had given offence; he could understand too, why, if the men implicated in the Twenty-third

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Street affair had been led to believe that in some way he had been the means of blocking their nefarious scheme, they felt bitterly towards him; but it did not seem to him that this was a sufficient reason for their wishing to murder him. He concluded therefore that whatever motives might have prompted them to do him harm, these were intensified by their hatred of his religion. Eckhart, he felt convinced, was his arch-enemy, and Hawkins an active partner. He was not wanting in personal courage, as was abundantly proved by his bold demeanor at the Eighty-fourth Street meeting, when the Socialists attempted to howl him down. But he realized now that ordinary discretion required him to be on his guard, not to expose himself unnecessarily to personal attacks.

On Sunday morning Connors called again on Mrs. Hawkins, and learned from her that she had seen her husband at The Tombs on Saturday. He was greatly annoyed when she told him that the Draytons had again been very kind to her and sent a goodly supply of clothing and shoes to the children. "Well, you'll not be much bothered with

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him after Monday," he said to her. "I didn't like to worry Miss Drayton, when she was so kind and sweet to us; but don't you think, Mr. Connors, that her brother should be told to be on the lookout, and not expose himself to any accident?"

"Oh, I think Mr. Drayton knows how to take care of himself," replied Connors. The detective was now convinced that his suspicions were well grounded, that the conspirators were familiar with Alfred Drayton's movements, and that one or more of Eckhart's associates who were out on bail — Levy, Farrelly, and Morgan — were engaged in the plot.

He resolved to make his arrangements accordingly.

XVI

The Bulwark of Civilization

THE Draytons assisted at High Mass at St. Stephen's on Sunday, as usual. As they rose to leave the church at the conclusion of services, Gertrude saw Stuart sitting in a pew a little to the rear of the one they had occupied. He joined them in the vestibule of the church, as did Dr. and Mrs. Eaton, and they all walked together towards Madison Avenue.

"George, what does this mean?" asked Gertrude as he lifted his hat and bowed politely. "Have you become a Catholic?"

"Oh no, indeed," he replied — adding in a low voice intended only for her ear, "not yet."

"Mr. Stuart, I am very glad to see you attending church," said Mrs. Drayton, who was walking directly in front of him. "What do you think of St. Stephen's?"

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"I was very much impressed by everything I saw and heard, Mrs. Drayton; the sermon was certainly very practical, the music exquisite, and I was edified by the devotion of the congregation. Who, may I ask, was the artist that painted the beautiful pictures over the three altars?"

"The fresco of the 'Crucifixion', over the high altar, was the work of Brumidi, as were the paintings of the 'Martyrdom of St. Stephen' and the 'Assumption', over the side altars," replied Mr. Drayton. "You have seen, I presume, his frescos in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. He did good work also in the Cathedral of the City of Mexico, and that of Philadelphia. I think the gem of his paintings is the 'Martyrdom of St. Stephen,' which we all love and admire. Brumidi was certainly an excellent painter, who, I think, was not duly appreciated. His pictures possess the intrinsic power of inspiration — the real test of artistic excellence. Don't you agree with me, Doctor?"

"I do, most assuredly," replied Dr. Eaton. "And that test is applicable, I believe, to all the arts, whether it be painting, sculp-

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ture, architecture, music, or poetry. You may admire the work of the artist, whether it be the rich coloring he has put upon the canvas, the form which he has embodied in his chiselled marble, the symmetry of the stone structure which he has raised, the harmonious effect of his musical composition, or the rhythmic flow of his language; each of these may claim your admiration. But true art, in any field, possesses something greater than all of these. It is what you well express as the power of inspiration.

"When I look upon, or listen to, any of these works of the artist, I want something more than the passing gratification which they give me. They must awaken within my soul an ideal which I may cherish after the object itself is lost to the eye or ear."

"Alfred, I am afraid you are wandering in the land of sweet dreams, are you not?" said Mrs. Eaton.

"Perhaps you are right, Anna," he replied. "But I never look at the figure of the Crucified Redeemer, and St. John with the Blessed Mother, and Mary Magdalen, at the foot of the cross, in Brumidi's beautiful fresco, or the angelic face of St. Stephen in

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his 'Martyrdom,' that I do not experience that sense of inspiration which Mr. Drayton speaks of."

As they were nearing the house, Mrs. Drayton said: "Doctor, I want you and Mrs. Eaton to come in and dine with us, *en famille*. It will give us all a great deal of pleasure, and we expect to have your old friend, Mr. Dwight, with us to-day."

The doctor turned to his wife with an inquiring look. "Oh, you must," exclaimed Gertrude. "Mother has ordered one of your favorite dishes for dinner, and we shall all enjoy it much more if you and Mrs. Eaton are with us."

"Miss Gertrude, your mother's dishes are all favorites of mine. We will give ourselves the pleasure of accepting her invitation, upon one condition, and that is that you and Mildred and Alfred will sing for us, after dinner, my favorite 'Cujus Animam.'"

"I promise you we will," she replied. Alfred had invited George to join them, and they all entered the house together. They found Mr. Dwight waiting for them in the library.

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The "favorite dish" which Gertrude had spoken of was just what the doctor had anticipated, and he declared the dinner was a feast fit for the gods. As they were leaving the table, Mr. Colby and Mr. Morton were announced. Mr. Colby resided in Brooklyn, and Mr. Morton in Passaic, N. J. So when Mr. Frederick Drayton shook hands cordially with them, as they entered the parlor, he exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I feel flattered that you should honor us with your presence here this afternoon, coming as you do from the far East and still farther West. Did you come by aeroplane, or did the spirits kindly bring you here?"

"The spirits," replied Mr. Colby; "but they seized upon us only a little North of here — at the Plaza, where Mr. Morton and I dined together."

"They certainly must have been very good spirits, Mr. Colby. But next time I wish you would suggest to them that they drop you off here before, instead of after dinner."

"That suggestion meets with our hearty approval," replied Mr. Morton. "We shall be happy next time to accept your kind invitation."

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Mrs. Drayton invited them all to the library, where coffee was served. "Fred, why are you gentlemen not smoking?" she asked. "We ladies are anxious to listen to the conversation, and you know we don't at all object to your enjoying your smoke." Alfred promptly took the hint; the cigars were passed, and their blissful fragrance soon filled the room.

After some little discussion upon current topics, financial and political, as well as social, Mr. Morton asked Stuart how Socialism was getting on. "From a controversial point of view, of course, I mean. Have the pros and cons of that interesting subject been thoroughly thrashed out?"

"I am inclined to think they have," replied George. "At least I feel as though I had had a pretty good thrashing myself — figuratively speaking — in the controversy I have listened to."

"And the result, Mr. Stuart? May we claim you as a convert to the conservative principles of social reform?"

"I hardly know how to answer that question," replied George. "I am still somewhat at sea. My experience of the past

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month has been quite a revelation to me, and ideas which I had long cherished regarding social problems have been rudely shaken. I presume I shall have to take a little time for reflection, before knowing just where I stand. In the meantime I hope to learn much from you gentlemen, whose views on the subject are so much more mature than mine."

"Mr. Drayton, you haven't yet expressed your opinion on the subject of Socialism," remarked Mr. Dwight turning to Alfred's father. "Won't you let us hear from you?"

Mr. Drayton bowed pleasantly his recognition of the compliment, but sat quietly puffing away at his cigar. As no one spoke, he realized presently that he was expected to open the discussion. It was a question with him whether he had best speak freely his views upon the subject, or merely break the ice, as it were, and listen to the arguments of the others, as he had heretofore done. As he was thoroughly familiar with the question, he decided upon the former course.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I regard Socialism as the greatest danger which to-day

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threatens the country. And the most significant, perhaps the most alarming feature of the situation is that the great majority of the American people fail to recognize the imminent danger which lurks in our midst under the guise of a panacea for the ills which afflict society. Like the Bourbons of France, during the last half of the eighteenth century, they close their eyes in fancied security; they are blind to THE COMING STORM.

“The causes which have brought about our present unsettled social condition, and awakened the spirit of discontent among the masses, are largely traceable to the selfish greed and ambition of the dominant classes. They have sown, and are still sowing the wind. They or their children will reap the whirlwind. The rich — that is the few — have been getting richer; and while perhaps it is not true that the poor have been getting poorer, too many of them are in a state of abject poverty and misery, owing largely to the heartless treatment they have received from their avaricious employers. Social Reformers have striven to relieve the condition of these poor people, and have certainly

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accomplished good results. But their efforts have too often been thwarted by the indifference, or opposition of those who have it in their power to afford relief. There is much yet to be done, both in the way of legislation and personal effort. Further legislation is needed for the protection of women and children in industrial employments; regulating the construction and proper maintenance of factories, the safety of machinery used, the number of working men or women allowed in a given space—varying, of course, with the character of their work; the proper separation of the sexes, and especially the responsibility of employers for the moral character of the foremen selected to supervise the work of women. Competent inspectors—not political heelers—should be clothed with authority to enforce these regulations. They should be well paid, and then held responsible for the strict discharge of their duties.

“Wages in many occupations are too low—especially in the case of unskilled labor. They should be raised, of course, wherever that can be done without injury to other interests. But I do not think that matter

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a fit subject for legislation. The wisdom of a 'minimum wage' law I have always thought questionable, although it is urged by many whose views are entitled to respect. The law of demand and supply is so inexorable, that any attempt to nullify or limit it, is apt to react disastrously. If a 'minimum wage' law is enforced, it is likely to be at the expense of skilled labor. As the minimum is forced up, the maximum will be brought down, to equalize the cost of production. Moreover, much of the unskilled labor, ordinarily able to earn the normal minimum, will, I believe, be forced out altogether.

"However, this is purely an economic question to be settled by experience. The point I wish to make is that there is much to be accomplished by intelligent, conservative work. The improvement of the condition of the laboring classes, from every point of view, is the work of social reform, and is essentially constructive. Socialism is destructive, and offers no well-defined scheme of regeneration.

"At the sight of the suffering which has afflicted humanity since the dawn of civiliza-

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tion, a few idealists have vainly imagined that they could tear down the ancient edifice, which has been two thousand years in building, and erect in as many days a structure which would be free from all the defects of the older one; that by dragging down those who through toil and patient endurance have reached the summit, they could provide an easy ascent for those who have lagged behind, or fallen back; that by establishing a dead level for all classes, and all individual members of society, they would hasten that millennium which they describe as 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.'

"Their theories have been seized upon by selfish politicians, by unscrupulous demagogues, who have aroused the worst passions of the populace, exaggerating the wrongs from which they suffer, attributing these wholly to the injustice of their more successful fellow-citizens, promising them certain relief and unalloyed happiness in the Co-operative Republic.

"The radical branch of the Socialist Party — generally known as Syndicalists in Europe, and as the Industrial Workers of the World (I.W.W.) here — advocate what is

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called 'direct action'. Their weapons are the sympathetic strike, sabotage, and eventually — when their plans are matured, and conditions are ripe — the general strike, by which they expect to paralyze all business and enforce their demands. Denying absolutely the right of private ownership of the means of production, they would confiscate all lands, seize the mines, manufacturing establishments, machinery, tools, etc., and turn them over to the working people.

"Their moral and political principles are more pernicious than their economic theories. They would destroy the family, overthrow the state, and abolish religion. They are preparing the masses for the revolution, which they assure them is coming. Mr. Morton, is my picture overdrawn?"

"Not a particle, Mr. Drayton. I can substantiate every statement you have made out of the mouths of the accredited teachers of Socialism, from Marx and Engels to Debs and Haywood, as well as from the columns of the Socialist Press. There is a certain element in the party, made up of the so-called 'Intellectuals', the 'Conservatives', the Inter-collegiate Socialist Society, and the Christian

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Socialists — paradoxical name; Belfort-Bax calls them 'strange hybrids' — who disclaim the moral and political teachings of their more orthodox comrades; but they are a small minority, and receive scant consideration from the advocates of 'direct action'."

"Mr. Drayton, how are we to meet this threatening danger?" asked Stuart. "Is there any power in the country capable of resisting the encroachments of this enemy of civilization?"

"The Catholic Church," replied Mr. Drayton. "She is the bulwark of the Republic to-day, the defender of Christian liberty, the supporter of legitimate authority, the protector of the home, and the uncompromising enemy of error. In the words of Montalembert, uttered in the National Assembly of France in 1849, 'The Church is a mother, the mother of modern civilization, the mother of humanity.' And I often recall his masterly address before the great Catholic Congress in Mechlin, Belgium, in 1863, upon 'A Free Church in a Free State.' Speaking of the dangers of democracy, he said: 'Looking ahead I see nothing any-

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where but democracy. I see this deluge rise, rise continually, reaching everything and overflowing everything. I fear it as a man, but as a Christian I do not fear it; for where I see the deluge, I see also the ark. Upon that great ocean of democracy, with its abysses, its whirlpools, its breakers, its dead calms, and its hurricanes, the Church alone may venture forth without defiance and without fear. She alone will never be swallowed up there. She alone has a compass that never varies, and a Pilot who makes no mistakes.'

"Mr. Stuart, the Catholic Church is the only institution on earth that can speak with authority to millions of her children, in all parts of the world, and be sure that her voice will be listened to. In our own day her voice has been raised in condemnation of the errors of Socialism, and Materialism, and Modernism; and she, more than any other agent, is waging a vigorous war upon these destructive forces. If the Socialists succeed in their efforts to bring about a revolution, which now seems at least possible, the Catholic Church will certainly be the most efficient power in restraining the

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violent passions of the mob, and protecting the lives and property of the people."

"Mr. Drayton, I am not a member of your Faith," said Mr. Colby, "nor is Mr. Morton; but I think we are both of us convinced that if the social revolution is forced upon this country, which, as you suggest, is by no means impossible, the Catholic Church will be the strongest defender we shall have of the rights and property of the people."

There was a momentary lull in the conversation, which gave Dr. Eaton the opportunity he was waiting for. "Miss Gertrude, I hope you haven't forgotten your promise," he said — "something from Rossini's 'Stabat Mater'?"

"Indeed I have not," replied Gertrude; "but I have been so interested in the conversation that I couldn't think of anything else. Come Freddie, you must do your part now."

Going to the piano, she played the air through very sweetly, and then Alfred sang, in a rich tenor voice, the sublime words:

*Cujus Animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem,*

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*Pertransiit gladius.
O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti.
Quae moerebat, et dolebat,
Pia Mater, dum videbat
Nati poenas inclyti.*

As Alfred took his seat, Mildred went forward and joined her sister at the piano. After a brief rest, changing her key Gertrude continued:

*Quis est homo qui non fletet,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?*

Mildred followed:

*Quis non possit contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari,
Dolentem cum Filio?*

Then uniting their voices, Gertrude's a soprano, Mildred's a contralto, they sang the exquisitely beautiful duet which embraces these six verses. As they finished, the gentlemen rose to their feet and were profuse in their praise.

The conversation now turned upon the question of the authorship of the "Stabat

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Mater," which has been ascribed to six or eight different writers. Mr. Dwight thought that credit for the work should be given to Innocent III, while the doctor and Mr. Frederick Drayton agreed that Jacopone had a better claim to the distinction.

Whoever the author, the sublime hymn, so full of pathos and devotion, has stirred many hearts, and drawn many souls nearer to God.

XVII

A Vicious Attack

ALFRED DRAYTON and George Stuart were together, as usual, Monday evening at the library of the Bar Association on Forty-fourth Street, studying up the decisions bearing on their cases. They worked silently and assiduously for an hour and a half, and then — soon after nine — adjourned to the smoking-room, where they talked over business and professional matters in which they were mutually interested. Presently George turned to his friend and said: “Alfred, I was very much interested in your father’s remarks last evening on the subject of Socialism; but when he discussed the religious features of the case, it seemed to me that he was somewhat extravagant in his praise of the Catholic Church.”

“Naturally, George, you would think so. I understand your position perfectly. But

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if you should ever care to examine the whole subject carefully, with an unprejudiced mind, you will realize that my father is entirely correct in his views. You know, my father's family were devout Episcopalians, and he was twenty-five years of age when he was received into the Catholic Church. My grandparents were very much opposed to his taking the step, and many of his friends thought that it was his love for my mother, who was a Catholic, rather than his religious convictions, that made a convert of him. That they were wrong has been abundantly proved, I think, by the fervor and zeal of his religious life in the Faith which he embraced. Of course, my mother exerted a silent influence over him in the first instance, by the purity and sincerity of her life. Their mutual friend, Dr. Eaton, as he has often told me, was of great help to him in the early days of his religious inquiry. The doctor and his wife, as I think you know, were zealous Episcopalians during their early married life; and it was no easy matter for them to break away from associations which they had cultivated and enjoyed for many years.

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“You may be sure, George, it requires a good deal of moral courage for a Protestant to sever the intimate ties of a lifetime, to embrace a Faith which his relatives and friends regard as superstition. Born and bred in an atmosphere of bigotry, and hatred of Catholicism, the eyes of these people are blinded to the beauty of the House of God, from which their forefathers wandered many years ago. I have marvelled sometimes at the crass ignorance of educated people regarding the history, the doctrines, and the practices of the Catholic Church. Their information upon these points is derived from prejudiced sources, and is, of course, wholly unreliable. The fact is, when a man permits himself to form his opinions, or to draw his conclusions from *ex parte* statements, he is apt to believe whatever he reads, or hears, especially if it accords with his prejudices.

“Whether it is they are afraid that if they investigate with unbiassed minds, their conscience will compel them to embrace the Catholic Faith, or they are so engrossed in the affairs of the business and social world that they cannot turn their attention to

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more serious subjects, whether scientific or religious, certain it is that intelligent people outside of the Catholic Church generally have the crudest ideas of what Catholicism means."

"And I suppose, Alfred, I am one of the ignoramuses," said Stuart with a laugh.

"I am afraid you are, George," replied his friend.

"Did it ever occur to you, Alfred, that even Catholics are sometimes bigoted?"

"From a Protestant point of view, George, they undoubtedly are so. But if you will reflect for a moment, you will realize that truth can no more have part with error than light with darkness, and this may explain to you, in a measure, the Catholic position.

"We may sincerely respect the individual; we may admire the moral excellence of his life and character; but so long as he turns a deaf ear to the teachings and precepts of the one indivisible Church and remains without her pale, the Catholic cannot unite with him in any religious function. To the Protestant mind, to those whose creed is shifting and uncertain, this seems undoubtedly bigoted. It is the only logical

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and consistent position a Catholic can hold. The whole situation may be compared with that of a person gazing at the stained glass windows of a sacred edifice. If he looks at them from without, they are meaningless; if he stands within, their beauty and real significance are revealed to him. But come, George, it is getting late; let us start homeward."

As they passed through the lower hall, Alfred looked into one of the waiting-rooms and saw his friend Hogan conversing with some one whom he did not recognize. Giving him a little nod, he passed on and out the front door. Hogan's companion was Buck Horton. He realized there might be more work ahead than one man could take care of; if he were correct in his surmise, they were desperate characters that the detectives had to deal with to-night.

Hogan allowed Drayton and Stuart to get a start of a minute or two before going to the door. As he reached the vestibule, he saw two men on the opposite side of the street, walking rapidly towards Fifth Avenue.

"Buck, there's our quarry," he said in an

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undertone; "just as I expected — Joe Levy and Jim Morgan." They watched the two men from the vestibule until they had proceeded fifty yards East and then followed on the South side of the street. "Buck, keep your eye on Mr. Drayton and his friend as closely as you can. I'll watch those two fellows across the street."

"Mr. Drayton is just turning South on Fifth Avenue," replied Horton, quickening his step a little.

Alfred and George sauntered leisurely down the avenue on the West side. Morgan and Levy were perhaps fifty feet behind, on the opposite side, and the detectives followed at a sufficient distance to avoid notice. This they could do easily, as there were many persons on Fifth Avenue at that hour walking in both directions. The two young gentlemen crossed the avenue at Thirtieth Street and continued on towards Madison Avenue, followed closely by Morgan and his confederate. The officers hurried on, reached the corner, and turned into the cross street within twenty yards of the latter. They had gone but a few steps when Hogan noticed that the two men were

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rapidly closing the distance between themselves and Drayton.

"Wide awake now, Buck!" he exclaimed; "keep your eyes open!"

In another moment, as Morgan and Levy were apparently about to pass the two young friends, Morgan bumped violently against Alfred, who was on the outside. Drawing back quickly he called out: "You d—d loafer, what do you mean? Do you want the whole sidewalk?"

"I want nothing of the sort, sir," replied Alfred indignantly. "There's plenty of room for you both to pass without jostling us in that bullying fashion."

"You are a liar," retorted Morgan, as his hand went back to his hip pocket. George, seeing Morgan's evident intention, sprang forward to grapple with him, but received a stunning blow from Levy, which sent him reeling.

As Morgan drew his revolver, Hogan, rushing up from behind, sprang upon him like a tiger, seized the weapon, and wrenched it from his hand before he had time to use it. They both went to the pavement in a desperate struggle. Alfred, recognizing

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Hogan, realized at once the situation, and went to his friend's assistance. In a few seconds the detective snapped the steel bracelets on Morgan's wrists, and then quickly blew the hurry call on his whistle. Buck Horton reached the scene of action almost the same moment that Hogan did, and as the latter was engaged in his encounter with Morgan, turned his attention to Joe Levy. As Levy was about to deliver a second blow to Stuart, he threw his arms around him and held him like a vise. With a little assistance from George he soon placed him *hors de combat*, decorated him with stout bracelets, and secured his revolver. The remarks indulged in by Mr. Morgan and Mr. Levy during this sudden and rapid transformation scene were not such as could properly be repeated in Sunday school, or spoken aloud to polite ears.

While the commotion was at its height, two policemen came scurrying up in answer to Hogan's call. With their assistance the would-be murderers were led away to the police station, accompanied by Drayton and Stuart. Several persons, attracted by the noise and what at first seemed to be a

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street fight, had gathered about while the detectives were making the arrests; and as they proceeded with their two prisoners manacled, the crowd increased at every block, and there were several cries of "Lynch 'em, lynch 'em!"

When the police sergeant at the station heard Drayton's statement, corroborated by Stuart's, and listened to the information given by the detectives, the prisoners were locked up on the charge of assault. The gentlemen were requested to be present the following morning in the police court to substantiate the charge. As they were about to leave, Alfred turned to Hogan and said: "Can you come around to my house to-morrow evening, Mr. Hogan?"

"Certainly, I shall be very glad to, Mr. Drayton."

"I would like to see you and talk matters over," said Alfred. "And on some other occasion it will give me pleasure to meet and become better acquainted with your friend, Mr. Buckley Horton." He and George shook hands cordially with the two detectives, and bowed themselves out of the gloomy room.

"Well, George, what do you think of that

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experience?" asked Alfred, as they walked off quickly towards the Avenue.

"I think," replied George, "that you had a pretty close call. I think also that I had better get home as soon as I can, and nurse this lump on my head, which Mr. Levy's strenuous attention left there."

They bade each other good-night at the corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street. Alfred saw no one when he entered the house. The family had all retired, and as he was somewhat exhausted, he hurried to bed.

XVIII

The Detective's Story

DOCTOR and Mrs. Eaton dined, as usual, Tuesday evening with the Draytons. The family had not yet left the table when George Stuart was announced. Alfred had invited him to come in, to be present when Connors called, and at his suggestion they all now adjourned to the parlor.

As they entered the room and greeted Stuart, Mrs. Drayton exclaimed: "Why George, what has happened to you? Have you had a fall?" The left side of his face was black and blue and still slightly swollen.

He laughed as he replied: "That's a memento of our little escapade last night. I suppose Alfred has told you all about it."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Drayton with a startled look. "No, I haven't heard of anything unusual that happened

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last night"; and she turned to Alfred for an explanation.

"Sit down, Mother dear," he said, "and I will tell you all about it."

As she took her seat, he paced slowly to the rear of the room and back, with his hands in his pockets, trying to collect himself for the story he was about to tell. He really feared to begin. The thought of his narrow escape had moved him profoundly as he thought it over repeatedly during the day, and now he knew that when he attempted to recount all the circumstances to his anxious mother and father, it would be something of an ordeal for him. He told them first of Connors' recent call at the house, when he informed Alfred of the plot to kill him, which he had almost accidentally learned of from Mrs. Hawkins; how Connors, in detective's guise, had since been his faithful Achates, shadowing him when he left home at night; and finally of the thrilling adventure he and George had had last night on Thirtieth Street, on their way home from the Law Library. When he described Connors' brave act of throwing himself upon the would-be murderer, and wrenching the

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revolver from his hand just in time to save Alfred's life, Mrs. Drayton sprang to her feet, and throwing her arms around her son's neck, exclaimed: "O Alfred, my boy! thank God your life was spared." And her eyes were filled with tears, as she caressed him tenderly. He strove to maintain his self-control, but could not conceal his emotion.

George, wishing to relieve the strain of the situation, began in a humorous tone to describe his part in the performance as he called it.

"Just as I was about to project my puny self upon the villain, another of the imps of Hades suddenly appeared on the scene, and ruthlessly planted his fist upon my face with a velocity that caused me for the time being to see stars, and changed somewhat the shape and coloring of my cheek, as you may have noticed."

"George, I am surprised," said Dr. Eaton, "that your Socialist friends should have treated you so rudely."

"Socialists, Doctor, no doubt they were, dyed in the wool; but friends of mine? nay, nay. Socialism has lost its charm for me."

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Gertrude, although her eyes were moist, and she was evidently a good deal stirred by Alfred's story, clapped her hands vigorously at this sally, and the others smiled.

"Now, Mother dear," said Alfred, as he led her back to the sofa, "I have a favor to ask of you."

"What is it, my boy?"

"I think you will agree with me that Tommy Connors has proved himself a pretty good friend of mine, and placed me under lasting obligations. Just what has called forth this generous spirit, and made him so loyal a friend, I don't know. I imagine there is a moving cause back of it all that I shall know more about later on. However that may be, it seemed to me that I ought to give him some little mark of my appreciation and kind regard for him. So I went this morning to Tiffany's and selected a watch and chain, which I propose to give him when he calls to-night. Mother, I would take it as a great favor if you would present it to him for me. You know, I am apt to be a little awkward and embarrassed at such times, and I think your handing it to him for me would show him that you

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appreciate his kindness and the great service he has done me."

His mother and father both smiled at Alfred's suggestion that he might be "awkward and embarrassed" in performing a function of this sort; and Mr. Drayton whispered to his wife: "Kitty, I suspect the boy has something else in his mind."

"Why of course, Alfred dear, I will gladly do as you ask me to," she replied; "but I really think it would come with better grace if you were to hand it to him yourself."

Alfred drew from his pocket a handsome leather case, from which he took the watch and chain and handed them to his mother. "What do you think of it?" he asked.

"Alfred, it's a beauty," she exclaimed admiring it. "And the chain, too, is lovely."

"Open the watch case, Mother, and read the inscription I have had engraved on it."

She opened it and read aloud:

THOMAS CONNORS
A token of regard and esteem
from his sincere friend
ALFRED DRAYTON
December 5, 1910

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The gift was handed around and admired by every one, and Gertrude was about to hand it back to her mother, when the butler appeared at the door and handed Alfred the card of MR. THOMAS CONNORS.

"Mother, if you have no objection, I will invite my friend to come to the parlor and meet you all."

"Do," replied his mother; "we shall be glad to see him."

After greeting him cordially in the library, and expressing his gratitude for the splendid work of the previous night, by which his life had been saved, Alfred asked Connors whether he wouldn't like to meet his father and mother.

"I should be very glad indeed to meet them," replied his friend.

Alfred led the way, and they proceeded across the hall to the parlor. As they entered the door, the gentlemen rose to their feet, and all eyes were turned towards the detective. He realized at once that he was a welcome guest and bowed pleasantly as Alfred introduced him as his friend.

Connors was a man of rather striking appearance, about forty-five years of age,

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of ordinary height, broad-shouldered, with dark hair and rather dark complexion. His broad forehead, small mouth, and square chin indicated a strong character, while his clear, bright eye suggested, when you were talking with him, that perhaps he understood not only what you were saying, but what you were thinking about. The expression, however, of his eye was not cold or critical, but rather inspired confidence and good feeling. Altogether our detective, if not a handsome man, at least possessed an attractive face and a pleasing personality.

Mr. and Mrs. Drayton shook hands cordially with him. He stood for a moment studying their faces, and then said smilingly: "Mr. Drayton, you don't remember me?"

"I don't think I do, Mr. Connors."

"Nor you, Mrs. Drayton?"

"Not yet," she replied; "perhaps I shall when you have given me some little clew to refresh my memory."

"Mr. Drayton, do you remember John Connors who was an employé of your father's at Oakhurst many years ago?"

"Very well; one of the best men we ever

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had on the place," replied Mr. Drayton. The detective bowed and continued:

"Some thirty odd — nearly forty — years ago Miss Catherine Sidney visited your sister, Miss Agnes, at Oakhurst. One fine morning in June — I remember it all as though it were yesterday — Miss Sidney and Mr. Fred Drayton were out riding. The young friends with them had loitered behind, and they were riding alone through the woods and up the little hill on the North Road, about two miles from your father's house, when they came across a little barefooted urchin sitting by the roadside crying. He had been picking strawberries, and in attempting to jump the ditch that skirted the road, had missed his footing, fallen, scratched his face, and spilt the contents of his little tin pail. Miss Sidney, taking in the situation at a glance, dismounted, took the lad kindly by the hand, and lifted him to his feet, wiping the blood from his face and the tears from his eyes, and said: 'Why, my poor little fellow, you have hurt yourself!' That little fellow was your humble servant. You all know who the young lady was."

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Reaching to an inside pocket, he drew out a little chamois leather bag and took from it two bright silver quarters. "Mr. Drayton, have you ever seen those silver pieces before?" he asked.

"I have," replied Mrs. Drayton; "I remember them very well. And I remember that when Mr. Drayton offered them to Tommy Connors — for he had told us his name — as a compensation for the loss of his berries, the little fellow, with a smile on his innocent face, hesitated about accepting the money, until I told him it was all right."

"As you were mounting your horse, Mrs. Drayton, and I — now the happiest boy in Westchester County — was about to start homeward, your friends rode up. Mr. Will Davidge, who was one of the party, inquired jokingly, as he glanced at the berries scattered by the roadside, how much you paid for that sort of fruit. You answered promptly: 'Fifty cents a quart.' I heard Mr. Drayton say, as he turned and spoke to you in a low voice, intended only for your ear, 'I wouldn't take fifty dollars for my share in that quart.' Mrs. Drayton, I wouldn't accept a hundred dollars for my

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share. There it is." And he tossed the coin affectionately in the palm of his hand.

"When my mother died — God have mercy on her soul! — about two years after that, and I lay sobbing in my bed for many nights, I would fall asleep, and in my dreams I was comforted by the sight of the sweet young face that smiled upon me, a poor, barefooted lad by the wayside, on that memorable day in June, and I often heard her voice repeating her last words to me, 'I wish I could see your mother, just to tell her what a dear, good boy you are.' The events of that morning were doubtless trivial to you, but they produced a lasting impression on my childish mind; and remembering them I have often hoped the time might come when I could prove my gratitude to my early friends. The time and the opportunity came to me last night — and I remembered Oakhurst."

Mrs. Drayton's eyes were moist, and her husband, who stood by her side, had cleared his throat several times during Connors' narration. But she turned to him and said: "Mr. Connors, you recall to my memory a sweet little incident of my early life. I

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have not forgotten the circumstances, just as you narrate them; and indeed, I have often gone back in memory to my pleasant first visit to Oakhurst. And now we can never be sufficiently grateful to you for your generous action of last night, by which the life of our son was saved. Alfred has asked me to present you to-night with a little token of his esteem, and begs you to accept it."

She offered him the case containing the watch and chain, which she had held in her hand since he entered the room. He was taken by surprise, and for a moment stood dumfounded, as though he didn't quite know what to do or say. "Mr. Connors, I'm afraid you are hesitating, as you did to take the silver quarters that morning in June at Oakhurst, waiting for me to tell you it's all right." She advanced a step towards him and placed the gift in his hand. He opened it in an embarrassed manner, took out the watch and chain, and then looked at Mr. Drayton, as though he feared there was some mistake.

"I guess it's my turn now to tell you, Mr. Connors, that it is all right," said

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Mr. Drayton. "Open the case and see for yourself."

He did so, smiled as he read the inscription, and then walking over to where Alfred sat, placed his hand upon his shoulder and said: "Mr. Drayton, you are your mother's own son. What more can I say, except to tell you that I will always carry this watch about me as a treasured souvenir. It will often remind me of you and your esteemed parents, and of dear old Oakhurst."

XIX

Christmas Night

THE Draytons as well as the Eatons made a great deal of the Christmas holidays, and although the stockings were not "hung by the chimney with care," as in earlier days, the traditional tree, laden with presents, was always a feature of the joyful season. Mrs. Drayton had invited their relatives and most intimate friends — twenty or more — with their children, to come in Christmas evening, to see the tree and witness a little entertainment.

She was somewhat surprised, and not altogether pleased, when Alfred told her that he had invited George Stuart to be present. She liked George personally and appreciated his many good qualities; but she did not think it wise to encourage in the least an intimacy between him and Gertrude. She

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knew that he had abandoned Socialism; but he was still a non-Catholic, if indeed he was a member of any Christian denomination.'

Gertrude had provided flowers this year to decorate the High Altar at St. Stephen's Church, and had obtained permission to arrange them there herself. The sanctuary lamps, Christmas eve, were lit before she had concluded her work of love. When this was done to her satisfaction, standing back a few feet from the beautiful marble altar, now decked with sweet, fresh flowers, her soul was filled with the spirit of devotion and prayer, and she whispered: "O Lord, I have loved the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth." Dropping on her knees before the tabernacle and bowing her head, she said: "Sweet Jesus, present before me in the Blessed Sacrament of Divine Love, I offer these flowers to Thee, with the fervent prayer that Thou wouldst grant the gift of faith to my dear friend, George Stuart." And Christmas morning when she assisted at early Mass at St. Stephen's, she offered her communion for the same intention.

Every child that had received an invita-

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tion was on hand Christmas evening at the Draytons', and with them, in most cases, their parents and older brothers and sisters. Promptly at eight o'clock they were all invited to the library, where the tree stood in the bay-window, brilliant with a hundred electric lights, and bowed down with its heavy load of good things. Mr. Frederick Drayton acted the part of Santa Claus, and saw to it that no child in the room was forgotten. Everything imaginable to delight the childish heart, from a drum to a magic lantern, was taken down and passed over to eager hands; and the fascinating packages of bonbons were so numerous that the anxious mothers begged Mrs. Drayton to interpose and stop the further distribution of the toothsome delicacies. An orchestra had been provided for the evening, consisting of violin, harp, clarinet, and piano; and during the dismantling of the tree the joyful strains of a Christmas carol added to the entertainment.

Then the party were conducted back to the parlor, where the chairs had been arranged so that all could witness the tableaux, and hear the recitations that were to follow.

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The portières between the parlor and dining-room served as a proscenium curtain.

As soon as all were seated, the lights were turned down in the parlor, the orchestra began softly the "Adeste Fideles," and the curtain was drawn, revealing the first tableau, which represented the stable of Bethlehem. A little babe was seen lying on a bed of straw in the manger, and over him stood the Blessed Mother (personified by Gertrude) and St. Joseph (represented by Alfred). A dim light filled the room, and a bright ray from a lantern was thrown upon the manger, around which knelt three angels (little girls dressed in white) whose eyes were fixed upon the sleeping child. The effect was very pretty and called, of course, for an encore. This was followed by the beautiful strains of the "Gloria in Excelsis."

Mrs. Drayton announced that the next thing on the programme would be the recitation of "A Visit from St. Nicholas," written by Clement C. Moore. The lights were again turned low in both rooms. When the curtain was drawn, there was seen a dimly lit sleeping chamber; several stockings were hung near the chimney, and

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in the corner of the room two little children were asleep in their cots.

Alfred Drayton immediately entered through a side door, disguised somewhat in whiskers, wearing a dressing-gown, slippers, and a nightcap. As soon as the laughter ceased, which his unusual appearance provoked, he began — at first in a low voice:

“’Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;

(Pointing now to the chimney place)

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,

(Turning now to the little cots in the corner)

While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter’s nap;

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,

Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

(All this was acted, as well as spoken)

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;

When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,

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With a little old driver, so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by
name:

‘Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and
Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!’
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the
sky,

So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, — and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

*(Here Santa Claus — in the person of Mildred
Drayton — came bouncing into the room with a
bundle of toys flung over his back. Her dress and
general appearance was precisely as described in
the poem.)*

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes, and
soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;

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His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the
snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of
jelly.

He was chubby and plump, — a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his
work,

And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
‘Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!’”

Mildred’s humorous acting during this monologue won hearty applause, and the two little tots — “asleep” in the corner — became popular favorites, from the moment of Mildred’s startling entrée, with her pack on her back, when they opened their eyes wide, giggled, and covered their mouths with their little hands. Every one knew that

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Alfred was a good speaker; but his friends told him now that he might have made his fortune on the stage.

After the orchestra had played a lively little selection from "The Mikado," Mrs. Drayton stepped to the front and said: "We are to have a visit now from an angel, who has been sent from heaven to convert an old atheist, whose life is drawing to a close. This special favor is vouchsafed him because of a just life, and the many good works of charity he has performed. The angel, as you will see, is successful in her mission."

As the curtain was drawn, the old atheist (in the person of Mr. Frederick Drayton) was seen sitting by the fireside resting his head upon his hand. He was talking aloud to himself.

"No, there is no God," he said. "If there were such a Being, why should He conceal Himself from me, His creature. If a God has created me, and not only endowed me with intelligence, but implanted in my nature ardent passions, why should He threaten me with condign punishment, if I yield to their power? Why should He

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afflict me with these unspeakable agonies of mind and body?"

The light in the room was dim while he thus communed with himself. But as the angel (Miss Gertrude Drayton) entered, the electric lamps, all screened in a pearl colored veiling, were gradually turned on, until the apartment was filled with a soft light, and a sweet perfume diffused through the air. Approaching the atheist, the heavenly messenger thus addressed him:

"Mortal, who art thou that speakest thus in the presence of the great Jehovah? Hast thou then forgotten thy Creator? Who else has breathed into thy mortal body the breath of life, and sustained that life to this very hour? Who but God has given thee an immortal soul, and endowed thee with will, memory, and understanding? Whence hast thou power to reason, to believe, to hope, to love? Does not thy spirit go forth often to study the wonders of creation — the flowers of the field, the fruits of the earth, the beauty and utility of animate nature, the force of the elements, the harmony and order of all things, adapted and proportioned to the needs of man, and

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made subservient to his will? And hast thou not studied the countless stars of heaven, that roam through boundless space, each in its own orbit, pursuing a wisely ordained course, with such precision that their exact position and direction a thousand years hence can be accurately told to-day? Are all these, thinkest thou, self-created? Does not thy intelligence tell thee, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that an Infinite Mind has designed, and an Infinite Power brought all these into existence, and sustained and perpetuated them?

“Listen! Thy profane philosophy teaches thee that there is no effect without a cause, and no creation without an ultimate cause. Canst thou imagine that the universe exists without an efficient cause, or that the marvellous creations of which thou art a witness, with their harmonious co-ordination, are without a final cause?

“Thou wonderest why, if there is a God, He should conceal Himself from thee. But thou thyself art concealed from thine own vision. Thy will, thy memory, thy understanding, hast thou, or any other mortal being ever had a glimpse of them? The

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Supreme Being, the Creator and Preserver of all things, is a pure spirit, omnipresent as he is omnipotent. Of this fact thy conscience tells thee infallibly. Thou askest why thy Creator should threaten thee with condign punishment if, in violation of his law, thou yieldest to the ardent passions which He has implanted in thy nature. But remember, He has endowed thee also with free will and has given thee in thy moral conscience, a monitor to direct thee, and to distinguish always for thee the path of virtue from the evil way. And He has promised the reward of eternal life, beyond the grave, to those who keep His commandments. If now thou wouldst know His love, go, stand at the foot of the cross; see the bleeding wounds of His hands and feet, pierced with nails, and the crown of thorns He wears upon His head. Thus He suffered that thou mightest live. Think upon these things, O atheist, and be not deceived by the temptations of a wicked world."

He had listened attentively to the angel's words, and now he bowed his head, and covered his face with his hands. The angel laid her hand gently upon his head and said:

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

"May God give thee the light of faith and fill thy soul with the spirit of divine love." And she disappeared.

There had been perfect silence during this scene; and now the orchestra again played, very softly, the "Adeste Fideles."

But little heads were nodding, and little eyelids were drooping all about the room; and mothers realized that it was time for the young people to say good-night. Most of them had been up since early dawn, and it had been a busy, strenuous day for all. So wraps were brought, while "Auld Lang Syne" was being played by the tired musicians, and the little ones bade Mrs. Drayton good-night, with a graceful bow, and bend of the knee, as they repeated the words, "Thank you very much; we have had a very pleasant Christmas party."

George Stuart was the last guest to leave the house. He greeted Gertrude as she returned to the parlor, still wearing her angel's dress and veil, and told her she was the most beautiful angel he had ever seen. He was pleased to see that she wore on her breast a little spray of lilies of the valley which he had sent her that morning. And

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when he said good-night to them all, his parting words were to Gertrude; and Mrs. Drayton thought that he lingered and held her hand, as he was about to leave, longer than was necessary or quite proper.

When Gertrude went to her mother's room to bid her good-night, Mrs. Drayton took occasion to express her regret that Gertrude had seemed to encourage George in his attentions, which her mother did not approve of.

"You know, my dear Gertrude," she said, "the unhappy results of 'mixed marriages' among our acquaintances. The Catholic party has either lost the Faith, or become very lax in the practice of his or her religion, and the children have never received that spiritual and moral training which is so important."

"My dear mother," replied Gertrude, "do not, I beg of you, have any anxiety on that score. I shall never marry any one but a Catholic." Her mother smiled, and embraced her affectionately.

XX

The Arm of the Law

ONE afternoon about the middle of January, Alfred Drayton went into Delmonico's, down town, for lunch. As he entered the dining-room on the second floor, he caught sight of George Stuart sitting alone at one of the small tables. George rose as he approached, shook his hand cordially, and said as they both sat down: "Well, Alfred, what's the news?"

"I've got a bit this time, George, that I think will interest you. Detective Connors called at my office about an hour ago to tell me that the whole gang of Eighty-fourth Street conspirators were sentenced this morning to State's prison — except Farrelly who, as you know, turned state's evidence. Eckhart, Hawkins, Goldberg, Morgan, and Levy were sent up for six years, Bradley and Nash for four."

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"Good," exclaimed Stuart, "I am delighted to hear it; they all richly deserved what they have got. I would have been better satisfied if Morgan and Levy had received ten instead of six years."

"Yes, George, you are right, no doubt. I suspect they are a pretty hard lot of fellows. But at the same time we must remember that most of the people of that class, who are guilty of crimes against the peace and good order of society, have been worked up to a state of intense excitement by the demagogues who lead them, and have been taught to look upon their employers, the capitalists, as their natural enemies. They are not, as a rule, thinkers or reasoners; and when they have a grievance, instead of trying in a rational way to discover the real cause of it, and to bring about a betterment of their condition, they listen to evil counsel, and like children in a pet, commit all sorts of rash and foolish acts. They mean well, I think, most of them, and when they are convinced of their error, they are quite ready to listen to reason and repair the wrong they have done."

"But Alfred, think of the misery they

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bring, not only upon themselves and their families, but upon the whole community in which they live; in fact, upon the business interests of the whole country. Look at the situation to-day in Paterson and Passaic. The workers in the silk mills and kindred industries have been out on strike, practically all of them — they are said to number at least twenty-five thousand — for more than three months; and they are determined that no one shall work until their employers have granted all their demands, and recognized the union. As you know, there have been several riots, in which the police were obliged to use their revolvers, as well as their clubs; three or four have been killed, scores have been injured, and an immense amount of property has been destroyed. The I.W.W. leaders, William Haywood, Patrick Quinlan, Elizabeth Flynn, and Carlo Tresca, have all been arrested, to be sure; but they are all out again on bail, plying their nefarious vocation of stirring up class hatred and resistance to authority. Is all this, do you think, the work of children?"

"The instigators of these revolutionary proceedings are certainly not children, George;

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but the workers who listen to them, and do their bidding are like children in their hands. I believe that the majority of the workers, if they dared to express their honest conviction, and their wish in the matter, would discontinue the strike, oppose all violent action, and adopt some more rational method of bettering their condition. But their irresponsible leaders, men who literally live upon the miseries of their fellow-men, and who have nothing to lose and everything to gain, arouse the passions and secure the confidence of the vicious, the evil-minded, the indolent and unsuccessful members of the laboring classes; and these in turn intimidate their less aggressive associates, who dare not oppose the schemes of the dominant party.

“The leaders in these revolutionary movements should, of course, be severely dealt with, and I am glad to see, from the morning papers, that Scott, the managing editor of the Passaic *Weekly Issue*, the organ of the I.W.W. in that section, was convicted yesterday of advocating in his paper ‘hostility to government,’ a crime under the statutes of New Jersey punishable by confinement in

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the penitentiary from one to fifteen years. The strike will probably end in failure, as it really deserves to; three or four million dollars in wages will have been sacrificed, and the prosperity of Paterson and Passaic immeasurably set back.

“But that disaster is chiefly local; there is another result, which is really fraught with danger, and it is this. The average observer of current events will say: ‘Just what I expected! the crazy fools! I tell you, the American people are not going to put up with the revolutionary schemes of these foreign anarchists and revolutionists. The American people can manage their own affairs, and this talk about the danger which threatens because of Socialism, is all buncombe.’

“George, that’s where the danger lies. We imagine that because we have survived one attack, we can safely pass through any number of like calamities. Because the people are ‘sane and sound at heart,’ we believe they can take care of these difficulties as they arise. In the meantime the evil is spreading rapidly. The Socialist vote, which was about one hundred thousand in

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1900, reached nearly the quarter million mark in 1902, was something over four hundred thousand in 1904, and to-day is estimated at nearly a million. There is a spirit of unrest abroad, and the radical Socialists are not slow to take advantage of the situation to preach the doctrine of discontent and discord. In the home life, in the school and the college, in the character of our literature, and our public entertainments, and all the functions of social life — even in the churches — there is a disposition to break away from the honored customs and the traditions of the past. The cry on all sides is, 'Away with the old foggy ideas of a dead past. We want something modern, something up-to-date.' Society, high and low, is infected with the spirit of Modernism, which is leading us, God knows where — the Socialists say to revolution — and unless there is an awakening among the thoughtful and conservative elements of the American people, more vigilant and active than is apparent to-day, I fear that there is danger ahead of us, which may threaten even the existence of the Republic.

"Perhaps three people out of four will

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tell me that I am a pessimist, that my fears are groundless. I hope they are right."

"I believe there is a great deal of truth, Alfred, in what you say, but I am inclined to think — at least I hope — that your fears are somewhat exaggerated. There is a reaction already noticeable, I believe, in the popular sentiment of the country, which favors conservatism. By the way, I haven't told you about Villard."

"Poor Villard," said Alfred, "he is really one of the nicest fellows I ever met in my life — clear-headed, and honest through and through. But I think he is inclined to be a bit visionary. In his efforts to accomplish a good purpose he listens to the voice of sentiment rather than that of reason."

"Listen, Alfred. Here is a letter which I received yesterday from Villard. I haven't seen him for a week." George took the letter from his pocket and read:

"MY DEAR GEORGE, — I have been in retreat, as it were, during the past month — during which there has been something of a struggle in my mind between reason and sentiment."

"Villard must be a mind reader," said George as he looked up from the letter.

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There must have been a bit of telepathy there, that made him conscious of your thoughts." He continued reading:

"Confession is good, etc. — that is when there is no one listening to take advantage of your honesty. At your suggestion I read up on Socialism; read especially the authors whose knowledge and experience have led them to condemn the system of Marx, and Engels, and Liebknecht, and Debs, and Haywood. And I have been studying the character of the men who have advocated, and who are now advocating Socialism as a cure for the evils which afflict society. It has all been a revelation to me. Let me add, I was, against my will, powerfully impressed by the remarks of Drayton's friends at the dinners we attended at the University Club — Colby, Parkman, and Morton. My conviction is that I have been deluded by the sophistries of intellectual dreamers, and political demagogues; and as a consequence I have severed my connection with all Socialist societies. As you suggested some time ago, I am going to join the ranks of social reformers, who, I believe, are more practical, as well as honest men.

"With a chastened spirit I am,

"Sincerely your friend,

"HERMAN VILLARD"

"Well, George, I am certainly surprised as well as delighted," said Alfred. "That's what you may call a genuine conversion.

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We shall have to have another dinner at the club to rejoice over the lost sheep that has been found and brought back into the fold."

"That would be very nice, Alfred. But I suspect that if you are thinking of inviting Herman out of an evening, you will have to make it an affair that will be graced by the presence of the gentler sex. Herman is in love, and as docile as a child to the behests of a certain young lady on West End Avenue."

"Good!" exclaimed Alfred, "I am glad to hear it. I am sure the fair lady must be an angel, and I don't doubt her good influence has brought Villard back to a sense of reason."

"You are entirely right, Alfred, in that suggestion. I am convinced that a woman can lead a man who loves her to heaven, or drag him down to hell. By the bye, what are you going to do for that good woman, Mrs. Hawkins? Is she going to be able to take care of herself and children, with her husband in Sing Sing?"

"Frankly, I believe she is better off without Hawkins than when he was one of the family," replied Alfred. "A few of her friends have established her in a little news

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and fancy goods store, and that, with what she can make out of some plain needle-work, at which she is proficient, will support the family comfortably. But come, I must get back to the office."

George did not speak to his friend of what was really uppermost in his mind and heart, almost to the exclusion of every other thought. He had determined to defer that to a more suitable time and place.

XXI

A Happy Dénouement

THE Draytons saw nothing of George Stuart for nearly a month after he and Alfred had lunched together at Delmonico's. To several telephone calls the answer was returned from his office: "Mr. Stuart is out; I don't know when he will be in." Alfred was becoming a little anxious about his friend, when on Wednesday evening, February 15, he received the following note, delivered at the house by a messenger.

"MY DEAR ALFRED, — *Laus Deo!* I was received into the Catholic Church this morning by Father Hughes, the Paulist, and am to make my First Communion to-morrow morning at the seven o'clock Mass, at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, on the corner of Columbus Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. The hour is too early, and the distance too great for me to ask you to be present; but I trust you will all of you remember me in your good prayers.

"Sincerely your friend,

"GEORGE STUART"

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They were at the dinner table when the note was handed to Alfred. As soon as he saw the handwriting on the envelope, he asked his mother's permission to open it. As he finished reading it, he raised his hand holding the note and exclaimed: "My God! that's good news."

What is it, Alfred?" asked his mother, now thoroughly interested, as were all the others.

"Listen," he replied. And he read slowly, in a clear voice softened by the emotion he could not conceal, George's note.

Intense interest and astonishment were depicted on every face, and when he laid the note down, Mrs. Drayton exclaimed: "That is certainly wonderful."

"Very, very gratifying," said Mr. Drayton.

Gertrude said nothing; but the blood mantled her cheeks, and there was something gathering in her eyes, which her nervous winking could not wholly drive back. As the conversation proceeded, she picked away at her plate, as though she were very much interested in her food; but scarcely a mouthful passed her lips. As soon as the family rose from the table, she hurried to her room, locked the door, and throwing herself upon

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her knees, gave vent to her tears— tears of love, and gratitude, and joy. When she met Alfred a little later, she asked him if he were going to assist at George's First Communion Mass in the morning.

"Most assuredly I am," replied her brother.

"Will you take me with you?" she asked a little diffidently.

"Why certainly, Gertrude, why not?" And he put his arm about her affectionately.

As they walked up the centre aisle of the sombre Paulist Church, a little before seven Thursday morning, they saw George kneeling in one of the front pews. His eyes were closed, and his head bowed low in an attitude of reverence and devotion. It was his first Mass, as a Catholic, at which he was about to assist. He realized that he, now a child of Mother Church, was about to take part in that stupendous sacrifice, that "clean oblation" which "from the rising of the sun even to the going down, in every place is offered to my name!"¹

It was his First Communion; for the first time he was to receive the Precious Body

¹ Malachias ch. i, v. 11.

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and Blood of his Divine Lord into his own heart and soul!

How much this means to the devout Catholic! What a memorable day this was to be for him, all the days of his life!

Alfred and Gertrude knelt a little in the rear, so as not to distract him. Father Hughes came out promptly at seven, and everything proceeded with the usual quiet and devotion during the celebration of the Mass. When the sanctuary bell had rung thrice the *Domine, non sum dignus*, George rose, and with bowed head went forward to the communion rail. Alfred and Gertrude followed, kneeling on either side of him. He was too much absorbed in the solemnity of the act he was about to perform, to take notice of who was near him.

A few moments after receiving Holy Communion he rose, with hands clasped, and turned to go to his seat. Then for the first time he became aware of the presence of his friends. As he knelt in his pew, and covered his face with his hand, to shut out all distraction, he thanked God with a grateful heart for the gift of Faith he had received, for the inestimable privilege of approaching,

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now for the first time, the Sacrament of Divine Love, and then for the dear friends who had been instrumental in bringing him to the True Faith.

Father Hughes, with his usual thoughtfulness and generosity, had prepared a pleasant surprise. As he turned to the epistle side of the altar to read the Post Communion, the great organ of the church burst forth in the tones of the beautiful Canticle of the Blessed Virgin, and a selected choir sang:

*Magnificat anima mea Dominum,
Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo, salutari meo.*

What faithful Catholic has ever listened to this sublime canticle, fittingly rendered on such an occasion, without feeling a thrill of exaltation which lifted his soul to God in praise and thanksgiving and love!

When Stuart started to leave after finishing his thanksgiving, Alfred and Gertrude rose and followed. They met him as he was leaving the church, congratulated him most cordially, and told him how gratified they were to know that he had become a Catholic. Alfred insisted upon his getting into the carriage and riding home with them for breakfast.

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At the house he received a warm welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, who seemed as pleased at the step he had taken, as though he were their own son. George was plied with questions as to the course he had pursued in reaching his decision to embrace the Catholic Faith, the books he had read, who had advised and instructed him, etc.

"And how do you like Father Hughes?" asked Mr. Drayton.

"One of the most delightful men I ever met in my life," replied George. "He was most considerate; and when any little matter disturbed me, or provoked a doubting question on my part, he turned to me always like an affectionate father, answered all my questions in a most satisfactory way, and made me feel perfectly at ease."

"Well, George, you do not regret the step you have taken, do you?" asked Mrs. Drayton.

"Regret it? Why Mrs. Drayton, yesterday and to-day have been incomparably the happiest days of my life."

Lent came a few days later — the season among Christians of prayer and self-abnegation; and then glorious Easter, when the Church puts on her brightest colors and the

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whole Christian world rejoices, and pours forth its songs of praise to God in triumphant allelujahs. George Stuart had become a frequent visitor on Madison Avenue and was always a welcome guest.

One evening early in May, Herman Villard was sitting in the reading-room of The Touraine, in Boston, where he had been spending a few days on business. He was glancing over a New York paper of that day, when suddenly he exclaimed, with a broad smile on his face: "Ha! Ha! That's good news. I am delighted to hear it, and not a bit surprised."

"What is it, Herman, that pleases you so much?" asked the young gentleman with whom he was spending the evening.

"An item in the social notes," replied Villard. "Listen. Both parties are very good friends of mine." He read aloud:

"Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Drayton, of Madison Avenue, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Gertrude Drayton, to Mr. George Stuart, a prominent young lawyer of this city."

